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The
Wandering
Jew

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THE WANDERING JEW;

OR THE

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY

IN XII CANTOS.

By

“SIBYL.”



“Behold I will gather them out of all countries, whither I have driven them in mine anger, and in my fury, and in great wrath; and I will bring them again unto this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely.”

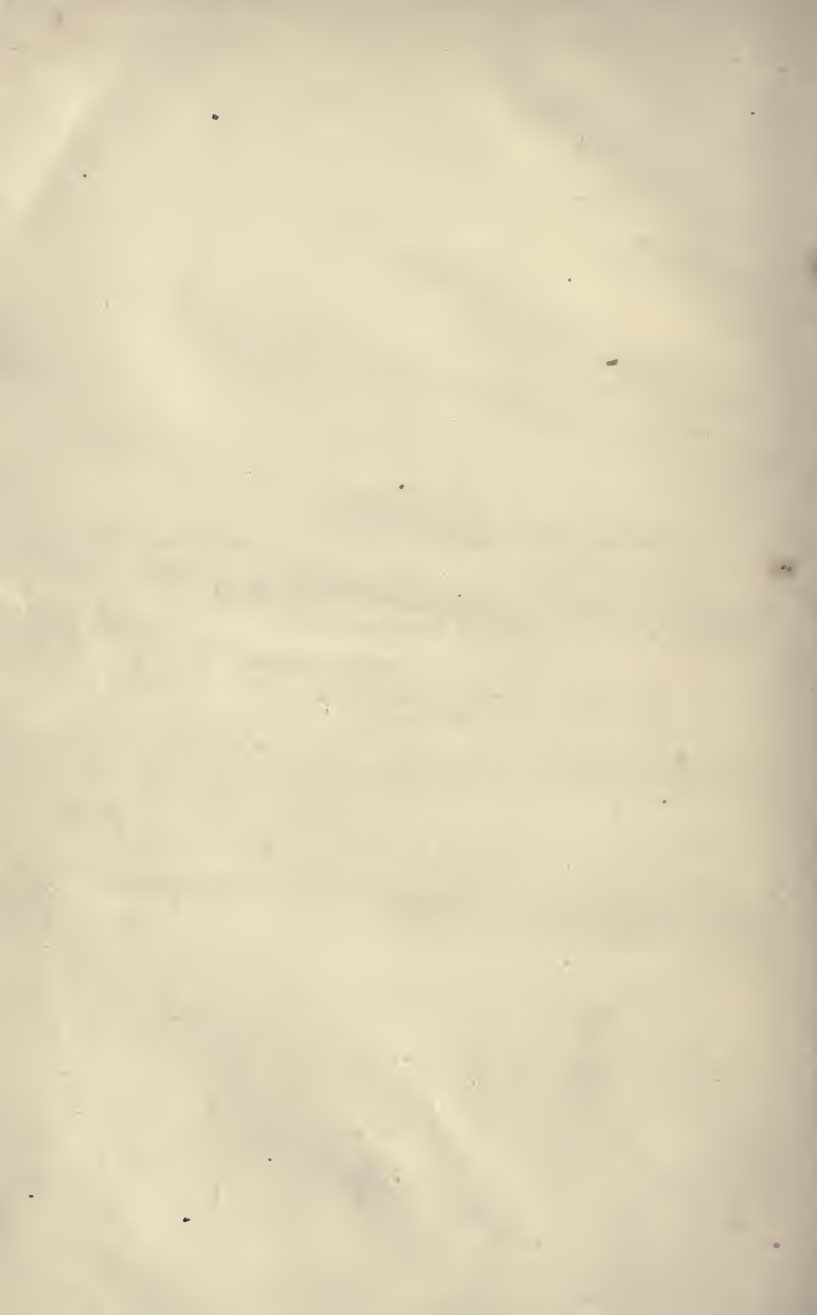
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THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED WITH GREAT RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,
TO
THE REV. WM. A. SCOTT, D. D. LL. D
THE BELOVED PASTOR OF
ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA,
BY
THE AUTHOR.



PRE-FACIO.

WHEN young, like children generally, I thought it troublesome to read the preface of a book, but now that I am on the hill top of life, I never omit it, and, sometimes, when pressed for time, read the preface only, regarding it indicative of what is in the author, as well as what is in the book. I love to read of the motives which prompted him or her to undertake the task, the encouragement or discouragements received while engaged therein, and the hopes and fears arising for the reception, by a critical public, of the labored work of their own creation.

John Frost, LL. D., in the preface to his excellent work: "The Wonders of History," says: "the epics of History far surpass the masterly creations of the Epic Poets." It must follow therefore, that the wonders of the history of the progress of our blessed religion, through eighteen hundred centuries, furnish a grand theme, when they are woven into what may be termed, by an indulgent public, "A Historical Epic Poem," however feeble may be the hand that handles the loom. It is one dear to the heart of every true child of our great and glorious Heavenly Father. When we stand on this far western "hill of time," and, looking back over the passing ages, view the slow, steady, but

resistless march of Christianity, which comprehends civilization, emancipation, progress and glory, and witness the *continued fulfilment of the warnings of the ancient Prophets* and the one great command of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to the unhappy children of Israel to wander until his return, we must acknowledge "it is a grand theme."

I have often heard "the great and good man" to whom this work is inscribed, speak, in his sermons, as a charitable Christian should, of "Our Hebrew Brethren."

In the light of all the wonderful events, of their past history, and of the rapid "fulfilment of prophecy" concerning them, going on even at the present day, can we fail to be deeply interested in that "peculiar" people? The type of this wonderful nation is the "*Wandering Jew*."

"SIBYL."

San Francisco, 1880.

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LEGEND

OF THE

"WANDERING JEW."

CANTO I.

A. D. 30.

"Go on," Ahashuerus said, and struck a cruel blow,
As he pointed to Mount Calvary, the Saviour bent
with woe,
And the heavy cross he had to bear, as he slowly toiled
along,
Followed by his fierce revilers, a hateful, hooting throng;
The cobbler, laying down his awl, high raised his hand in air,
And though he heard his Saviour call, he heeded not his
prayer,
That He might rest His weary feet beside the garden wall,
But toiling 'long the dusty street, with weakness saw Him
fall;
As Jesus sank beneath the load, He turned His pitying eye
To the unfeeling child of Israel, and, pointing up on high,
Said, "Yes I go, for it needs must be, but until I do
return,
"Thou too must go, and to and fro, where the sandy
deserts burn;
"Across the seas, through the mountain's breeze, to all
lands thou shalt turn;
"And through the gloom of the silent tomb you'll pass,
but you cannot stay,

He rushes headlong from the mountain, and goes on his
ceaseless way.
Over the frozen Siberian snows, far away by the Northern
Pole,
He stands on the edges of the continent, where the Polar
oceans roll,
And thinks he can surely stop in the waste, and lay him
down and die,
But a voice, through the howling storm, says, "Haste"
and the fiery sword gleams high.
He crosses the Ice, with the red man and bear, who turn
with wondering eye,
But they let him pass "*on*" as they crouch in fear, while
his "*cross marked*" feet go by.
He hurries down through the Oregon plains, and stops
by the Shoshone falls,
And longs to plunge from their towering height, but the
dreadful voice still calls,
"*Go on,*" above the deafening roar of seething waters
and spray;
He cannot bathe his blood marked brow, or for a moment
stay,
But "*on,*" through the wild Apache plains, to the soil of
Mexico,
Popocatapetl's height he slowly gains, to see where next to
"*go.*"
Through the sickly swamps of Panama, where the chat-
tering monkeys hung,
From the cocoa trees, and stared at him, as over his head
they swung.
In "*Terra del Fuego,*" the torrid land of fire,
He feels the fever in his veins, and thinks he must expire;
But far away by the Southern pole, there is a fearful
sight!
For, hanging in the very heavens, in glittering gems of
light,
There is a *cross*! He gives a scream and draws his mantle
o'er

His bloodshot eyes, and rushes on to the broad Atlantic
shore,

And plunging in, as the breakers roll upon the sandy
beach,

He hopes to ease his burning soul, far out of human reach.
But no ! They toss him wildly back upon the hated shore,
And the dreadful voice again says "*Go, go on for ever-
more !*"

With sickening dread again he starts, o'er mountains,
forests, plains,

Through the "red men's haunts again he goes, and the
Arctic circle gains.

To "Greenland's Icy mountains," and Iceland's frozen snow,
Into her boiling Geysers, he tries in vain to go.

But they vomit him back with a dreadful roar and a
horrid, sulphurous smell,

Behind, the Demons hurry him "on," before, they point
to Hell !!

He enters a ship to cross the seas, and as the storm sweeps
past,

He longs to bury beneath the waves his toil worn form,
at last.

The ship goes down on the rock bound shore, and all but
him are lost,

On Caledonia's rugged coast, the wretched Wanderer's
tossed.

Then over the heather and through the moor, to Britta-
nia's fog girt shore,†

He goes, ever hearing the dread command, "*go on for-
ever more !*"

And then in the caves and hollow trees, where lived the
Druids of old,

He tells his story on bended knees, and begs them their
rites to hold.

That on their altars of stone they lay, with the oak and
mistletoe bough,

His weary body, and humbly pray that God would take
 him now.
 It could not be, he must up and "*on*," and cross the sea
 again,
 And enter once more the cities fair, and the busy haunts
 of men,
 Down through the sunny land of France, away to the
 southern shores,
 Across the Mediterranean sea, to where the Tiber pours
 Her muddy waters from her mouths, as to the sea they're
 whirled,
 Past old imperial Roma, proud mistress of the world.

As he nears her wide Campagna, on a dark and gloomy
 night,
 Suddenly the horizon is blazing with a fearful, lurid light.*
 The startling cry of "*Fire*"! is heard on every side,
 While shouts and imprecations are echoed far and wide.
 And, high above them all, the roaring of the flames,
 As they near the Amphitheatre, where Nero, with his
 games,
 Made a jockey of himself, and rode his own horse races,
 For three hundred thousand fools with their sea of grin-
 ning faces.
 The "Obelisks" are lighted, as the waves of Fire roll on,
 And stand in awful grandeur, seeming to look upon
 Destruction, as it gathers new strength in its advance,
 The People view their temples fall, and stand as in a
 trance ;
 On "the seven hills," the lurid glare is lighting every side ;
 Alexander on Bucephalus, his marble horse, doth ride,
 And on Mount Viminalis the osiers green are seen ;
 And grandly looms the Tarpeian rock, where of old the
 sly Sabine,
 Led on by Roman virgin, entered the Roman walls,
 And by their lawless violence made trouble in Roman
 halls.

* (The Burning of Rome. — A. D. 64.)



He tells them that the Christians, in their humble place
 of prayer,
 Are plotting dark conspiracies, and must be hunted out;
 So after them they rush, with a deafening, hellish shout,
 And some are sewed in wild beast skins, by savage dogs
 are torn:

Some are covered o'er with wax, and to Nero's gardens
 borne,

And burned, while some are crucified and torn from
 limb to limb!

Ahashuerus glances 'round, and longs with strange desire,
 To share the Tyrant's fury and with them to expire.

"I am a Christian too," he said, "and do my crosses bear,
 "Just look at the marks my feet have made, upon your
 Roman mire!

Thou hateful Tyrant, 'drunk with blood!' I will be
 crucified!

Would God! that with the martyrs too, I long ago had
 died!"

Lo! Nero starts with horror back, as he sees the blood
 marked place

Upon his brow, and his long white beard hanging from
 his haggard face.

He turns away, he's sick of blood, and feels as if he'd fall:
 A Roman soldier meets him and *presents the head of Paul!*

* * * * *

"No hope for me, I cannot die, 'though much I covet
 death;

"Oh, would that God would pity me, and take my weary
 breath."

With heavy heart he starts again along the Appian way,
 To where the mount Vesuvius looms o'er the Naples Bay.
 He treads the cool mosaics of the City of Pompeii,
 And leans o'er her marble cisterns, and lists to the rolling
 sea;

He glances at Nero's statue, and thinks of the scenes
 just passed,

("For he travels faster than others do, and gets over
 time and space,
"With the speed of the wind in the hurricane, while
 running his fearful race.")
He looks aloft and sees that Form, that ever haunts his
 brain,
Then headlong bounds in the fiery flood, but is soon
 thrown back again.

AHASHUERUS' DREAM.

He lay long time in stunned repose, dreaming he'd been
 to Hell;
And that, as "Charon" ferried him o'er, in darkness, to
 the other shore,
And Cerberus barked with his centum head,
And he felt his senses freeze with dread
At the discordant sound of sob and yell;
An-idea in his mind had birth,
That he'd rather endure his "hell on earth,"
Then encounter the dreadful scenes within,
That dread abode of despair and sin !
That drop of comfort was like to him,
A sparkling goblet, filled to the brim,
To the thirsty traveller's eye.
And he thought, perhaps, should he patiently try
His heavy load to bear,
That God would finally let him die,
And for that he breathed a prayer.

CANTO II.

(The Destruction of Jerusalem,—A. D. 70.)



AT length, in the light of the Nisan moon, he stands
on Zion's hill.

But hark ! What echoes reach his ear ? What sounds the
hill sides fill ?

Groans rise, as if from one vast throat, and horrid
stenches come,

Borne on the breeze, with the sounds of war, and the roll
of the heavy drum.

And looking 'round upon the hills, there is a long array
Of helmets, like the ones he saw on crucifixion day !

Oh ! 'Tis a dread Passover, they're keeping down below ;
They who follow "John and Simon," are running to
and fro,

To snatch from dying lips a little piece of bread,
And tear the clothes, in their wild search, e'en from the
stiffening dead !!

Antonia's tower is crumbling now, its foundations over-
thrown,

While bank on bank the Romans raise, with dead and
dying strewn ;

The cloisters blaze, for the maddened Jews their temple
will not save ;

Josephus begs them to come out, as Jehoiachim the brave,
Before the king of Babylon, beyond the city wall,

For Cæsar could not bear to see God's Holy Temple fall.
But all in vain ! The starving reel like drunken men, like
mad dogs stagger past

In search of some vile garbage, with which to break their
fast,

While shoes and girdles, leather shields, and even wisps
of hay,

Are quickly chewed, and remnants hid in bosoms gaunt,
away.

An infant hangs on Mary's breast, in innocence it smiles,
As a few drops trickling down its throat, its little thirst
beguiles ;

What madness takes that mother now, as she slays her
little son,

And roasting his poor, bony limbs, devours them one by
one?

Demoniac zealots scent the food, and rushing madly in,
Demand a share, but turn away in horror at the sin.

The streets are running red with gore, and, hark ! the fire
brands snap,

And soon the fiery demon will the Holy Temple wrap.

The wanderer looks around him with a sort of secret joy,
And thinks, mid all this carnage, he can himself destroy.
And dashing headlong down the steep, towards the waves
of fire,

He plunges in, but strange to say, before him they retire !
He turns to the Roman soldiers, in hopes they'll pierce
him through,

Instead of that he's taken up, and sent o'er Cedron too.

He draws his ragged mantle across his starting eye,
Then turns his head from Calvary, and hurries quickly by.
And, resting a moment at Olivet, whose height he dare
not climb,

(Where the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"
had sat in the olden time,

And wept as he told of Jerusalem's fate, whose children
he would have covered,

As a hen would cover her helpless brood, when destruction
o'er it hovered.)

The wanderer thinks of the Saviour's words to the weep-
ing women around,

As they saw him reel with his heavy load, and fall to the
stony ground.

"Jerusalem's daughters! weep not for me, but for your-
selves and children there,

"They cried, and each wagged his hateful head,
"Until dark grew the sun, and an earthquake dread."
"Hold woman! I saw, Oh, God, I saw it all,"
And the poor old man seemed about to fall,
He leaned for support on the deep well's brink,
While she filled her pitcher, and bade him drink,
And as he went "*on*," she knew not why,
He gazed aloft with a staring eye,
For up in the Heavens blue canopy
He saw a sight, she could not see!

And now he is wandering "*on*" again,
With heavy heart he enters Nain,
A sad procession winds along, a woman walks in the
weeping throng,
He asks who's borne upon the bier?
She answers as she wipes a tear, "A widow's son! No Je-
sus here,
To raise him from the dead!
Or walk about the streets of Nain, to heal the sick and
soothe the pain,
Of the sinful wanderer turned again, or give his followers
bread."
She does not see the fearful look upon her listener's face,
He heaves a sigh and then moves "*on*," his never ending
race.
He stands by the shore of the placid lake, in the land of
Galilee,
Where Mary of Magdala lived, who was the last to see
Her Lord enclosed within the tomb, and the first to see
Rabboni rise,
In glory from its gloom.
Where'er his wandering footsteps turn, he hears of Jesus'
name,
That he was ever "doing good," his followers all pro-
claim!
The wanderer longs in vain to go, where he can ne'er be
seen,

And where he'll *never* hear the name of the "lowly Nazarene."

Anywhere, anywhere on the world's wide scene,
Where he'll never hear of the Nazarene !!

He next ascends Mount Carmel's heights, and stands
like tree forlorn,
A gnarled old trunk, of all the leaves, and shapely
branches shorn ;
He looks towards the Western Sea, and longs to lie below
Its cold blue waves ; it cannot be, he must ever "*onward*
go."

He turns towards the Orient, where Jordan's banks are
seen,
And like a winding silver thread, old Jordan rolls be-
tween ;

Far, far beyond the "Dead Sea Lake," many thousand
feet below,

Away beyond Jerusalem, as far as eye can go ;
And then around the mountain's brow, in the quiet solemn
night,

All nature calm, and still below, in the beams of the cold
moonlight.

Only within his own sad breast do the fires of unrest burn,
On mountain's height, in deserts wild, wherever he may
turn.

"Ha! What is this I stumble on," Ahashuerus said,
"My family were buried here, who all are long since
dead ;

"Skulls! three, six, nine! Ah! you could die, why can-
not I ?

"I'll break your rest so fine !!

"There, there you go ! Go bounding down the moun-
tain's rocky side

"Into the chasm deep below and forever from me hide,
"Thou grinning skulls, that seem to mock me in my agony,
"You'll rest down there, while I away, must ever *wander-*
ing be."

“On, on,” he goes to the vales below, toward the East
away,
Until on the plains of Jericho his wandering footsteps
stray;
And then by Bethabara’s ford (where Joshua, son of Nun,
Led the tribes across to the promised land, and landed
every one
In safety on fair Canaan’s shore, by Jericho’s high wall,
Which, at the sound of the battering ram, did quick in
ruins fall.)
He cast one lingering look behind, towards his native
land,
Then crossed the Jordan’s flood again, and the burning
desert’s strand.

Far up on the Tigris River, where the City of Ninus lies,
Buried in the sands of ages, impelled by despair he flies;
And stands by the tomb of Jonah who, by Jehovah sent,
Called on the ancient Ninevans to turn them and repent;
And God in mercyspared them for a time, and heard their
prayer.

“Oh! why did not Jerusalem turn, when a greater than
Jonah was there!”

Thus he thought as he looked around him, desolation on
every hand,

While the “comorant* sang in the windows, and the
beasts lay down in the sand.”

He started again on his travels, on the top of Ararat,
Where the Ark of Noah rested, in silence and gloom he
sat;

No dove brings an “olive” to him, but deluge like over
his soul,

With the memory of what he has lost, the floods of regret-
fulness roll,

Next he stands by the palace of Jemsheed, in the Persian
land afar,

* Zephaniah, Chap. 11. v. 14.

Gazing up at the "Forty Pillars," lofty pillars of Chil-
 minar;
 Whose Sphinxes looked down for ages on the tramping
 of hostile foes,
 On the crowds that worshipped the sun, or kept the "Feast
 of Noo Roze."*
 Where'er he turns the ruins gray, on which the night
 dews fall,
 Silently whisper the truth, that he is the saddest ruin of all.
 For theirs is the ruin of matter, they feel not the elements
 roll,
 They feel not the winds that beat them, but his is the
 ruin of soul.
 With a sigh he gathers his robe and bows his head in
 prayer,
 And bids farewell to the Sphinxes, the silent sentinels there.
 Away to the rapid "Indus," whose broad, deep waters
 are rolled
 From the towering Himaleh mountains, o'er beds that
 shine with gold;
 Where the Assyrian queen, with mock Elephants seen,
 And Darius with camels untold,
 "Alexander the Great," on Bucephalus grand,
 Seemed each by the wide river told,
 Thus far shall thou come and no farther can go,
 "But in the future, as ages are rolled,
 "A people shall come from their Western home,†
 "And gather our sands of gold."
 "They'll tell us by lightning, what day they'll arrive.
 "No use for the caravan slow,
 "Steam horses will pant and snort o'er the plains,
 "As from Hongkong to Joppa they go."

Wandering around the Punjaub plain, through the wav-
 ing cotton bolls,

* See Persepolis in the "Ruins of Ancient Cities"—Charles Bucke.

† The English and Americans.

Where the rice fields yield the staff of life, to where the
jungle holds,
The fiery tiger glaring through the jungle palisade,
By the prickly shrub, and thorny brush and lofty cane
trees made.

From the pleasant shade of the Banyan tree, and the
dreary deserts sand,
Where the "Mirage" * mocks the longing eye, and the
touch of the burning hand;

Near a little desert "oasis," by a lonely straw hut town,
With weary limbs and burning thirst, the traveler lays
him down.

And oh! what happiness to find a watermelon cool,
By the ruined wall of an old mud fort, close by a muddy
pool.

The south winds come laden with sweets from afar,
And the gales with aroma blow o'er,
The coasts, like the breath, from spiced Malabar,
Of maidens in far Mangalore.

Who sigh as they look far out on the sea,
For their lovers, who ventured o'er,
To the glittering sands of "Blest Araby,"
And mourn that they come no more.

Could he but lie in that grateful shade, under the Indian
sky,

'Though far from his native land he'd strayed, how glad-
ly would he die!

Away on the Northern horizon, a row of pinnacles stand,
And something urges him to "go on," like an unseen
threatening hand.

He passes the temples of Delhi, avoiding the homes of
men,

Up through the plains of Nepaul to the pestilential glen,
Where the vapours rise from the dark recess, and the long
grass mournful waves;

* See "The Historical and descriptive account of British India, by
members of the Hon. East India Co's. service."

The Elephant tramps through the gloomy shades, and the
ground is covered with graves.
For the plague has been before him, and reached that
dismal place,
But is destined now to follow him "*on*," and attend him
in his race.
For with the "fell destroyer," whom men the Cholera call,
Where'er he stops, the thousands like leaves in autumn fall.

Higher up in the lofty glens, where the Jumna and Gang-
es start,
The lichens cling to the jutting rocks, and the nimble
chamois dart,
Far off to the "Happy Valley," to maidens and poets dear,
Where the roses bloom, in rich perfume in the kingdom
of Cashmere;
And higher still from the snowy peak, ne'er trod by the
foot of man,
Looking down on the village of Gantrontri and the
plains of Hindoostan;
Above him sigh the dark old pines, beneath the cataract
roars,
As the loosened stones go bounding down with the
melted snow that pours,
To the "Dewta's," * haunts in the lonely glen, where the
Hindoo pilgrims stray,
From the far off shores of Hindoostan, in the solitudes to
pray;
From where the parted Ganges meets the Bay of Ben-
gal's foam,
Where the ponderous Elephant ranges and the Bengal
tigers roam;
From the Coast of Coromandel, where the tropical sun-
light pours,
Its fiercest beams on the arid sands of the hot Carnatic
shores;

* Spirits, in Hindoo mythology.

From the spicy hills of Malabar, where the Betel and
 palm trees grow,
 From famed Golconda's cooler plains, with gems from
 the glittering mines,
 To lay at the feet of their Deities, and deck their Pagan
 shrines;
 Those pilgrims, with pious thought intent, in long pro-
 cession go,
 Far up to the Himaleh mountains, to worship "Mahadeo." *
 As he stood and looked and wondered, where next his
 steps would stray,
 A voice on that mountain thundered, "*go on*, your cease-
 less way."
 And blinded by the lightning, that played round the
 mountain's crest,
 He uttered forth an anguished cry, that God would give
 him *rest* !
 But that Ear was deaf to his wailings, that even in mercy
 bends
 To the believing Christian mourner, and His grace and
 mercy sends.
 With a sigh and a look to the Indian sea, and one to
 Jerusalem,
 He descends the mountain's rugged side, and leaves the
 land of Shem.

Near the the stream of the yellow "Hoang Ho," in the
 City of Kae-foong-foo, †
 He met a Hebrew going in, at the door of the "Lee-pai-sou." ‡
 A gleam of pleasure darted across his thin old face,
 Impulsively he started, at seeing one of his race.
 (Was there ever a man whose heart did not beat, when
 off in a foreign land,

* The third personage in the Hindoo Trinity, whom they supposed to have thrown up the Himaleh, for a retreat, on withdrawing from Ceylon. See "British India."

† A. D. 635.

‡ Synagogue—See a letter of Pere Gonzani, dated 1704, in a History of China, by John Francis Davis F. R. S. Vol. 1st.

With joy, as he chanced to a countryman greet, with the
grasp of a friendly hand ?)

With reverence low and filled with awe, he enters the
place of prayer,

The Veiled Rabbi reads great Moses' law, and kneels
beside his chair,*

Where rests the "Ta-king" sacred book, containing God's
commands,

The Hebrew's guide, in his wanderings throughout the
Gentile lands.

The prayers are o'er, the people go, each one to his own
home;

He lingers long in the sacred porch, no one asks him to
come.

But turning back, with childish grace, the little Rachael said,
"Pa, who's that man with the ugly face, who sighed
when the Rabbi read,

"The sixth commandment, and bowed down to the floor
and wept aloud ?

"See! There he is in the door just now, coming out behind
the crowd."

"Some traveler, I think, my daughter, I'll stop and ask
his name,

"What brought him here and where he goes, also from
whence he came."

"Ahashuerus, a Hebrew! and from Jerusalem!

"My Fathers came from Judah too, many long years ago,

"They passed the sea and desert through, six hundred
thousand men or so,

"As forth from Egypt's bondage the Lord delivered
them.

"And we're His 'peculiar† people,' and no matter where
we stray,

*"When they read the Bible in their synagogues, they cover the face with a transparent veil in memory of Moses who descended from the Mount, with his face covered; they also placed the sacred Book on the chair of Moses." See the letter of Pere Gonzani, dated 1704, in the History of China, by John Francis Davis. Vol. 1.

† 1st Ep. of Peter, Chap. 11, v. 9.



“He will ever go before us, and guide us on our way.
“Some time we’ll all go back to Zion’s hill again,
“And see our dear Jerusalem, and we’ll be happy then.”
“You’ll never see Jerusalem,” Ahashnerus said,
“Far from her ruined walls, her children now are fled !
“For the haughty Roman victor has leveled all her
towers,
“And Judah’s land now prostrate lies before the Pagan
powers.
“A holy Prophet * came from God, and to them did pro-
claim,
“That their Messiah soon would come, and Jesus was
His name.
“And they would not believe that He was God’s own son,
“But crucified Him with two thieves, and ‘knew not
what they’d done.’
“The Prophets all had told them that they should scat-
tered be
“Throughout all lands and nations, and roam from sea
to sea;
“But return and build Jerusalem, when prophetic times
expire,
“And acknowledge Him their Saviour, their long looked
for Messiah.”
“When did all this happen?” said Simon, drawing near,
“About six hundred years ago!” With face now white
with fear,
Simon drew back, his hair stood up, and he stared in
blank amaze,
To hear him talk of centuries, as they were of yesterdays.
That old man seemed like some weird Spirit come from
another world,
Who down to Hell, or near it, from Heaven had been
hurled ;
And clasping still more closely his little Rachael’s hand,
Simon, by degrees, much farther off did stand.

* St. John the Baptist.

“When did you leave Judæa?” he asked the aged one.
 “More than six hundred years ago I began my race to run,
 “For I, alas! helped nail Him upon the ‘accursed tree,’
 “I’m doomed to wander till he comes; oh! pray it soon
 may be.”

He ceased to speak and gazed into the vaulted sky,
 With a face of pallid whiteness and a wild dilating eye;
 He started towards the river, as if seized with a sudden
 whim,
 As if he followed something, or something followed
 him;
 And reaching its banks now weary, with feeble steps and
 slow,
 He enters a barge, and slowly sails down the “Hoang-ho.”

He sits apart from the crowd of jabbering beings on
 board,
 And envies the poor dead baby floating by on its empty
 gourd.*
 An ominous stillness reigns o’er all, the black clouds
 darken the thirsty ground,†
 While one by one the great drops fall, and are followed
 soon by a rushing sound.
 The thunder rumbles far away in the North, the forked
 lightnings zig-zag forth;
 The river has burst its lawful bound, and is sweeping its
 way o’er the marshy ground,
 Spreading destruction wide around. E’en down to the Yel-
 low Sea shore,
 The seething waters wildly dash, by altars and temples
 reared,
 To appease the dread “Da-king,” the great “Loong-
 wang‡” they feared:

* It is thought that empty gourds are tied to the infants of Chinese, who pass their lives in boats, in order to cause them to float, and that it is a mistake to suppose them guilty of infanticide.—See, History of China Chap. 7th. by John Francis Davis.

† Storm on the “Hoang-ho.”

‡ The God of the Rivers.

And rushing by Pagodas high, unmindful of the Gods
 within,
 That stand in niches along the walls, the Mighty "Bhud-
 dha" and "Kuan-zin;"*
 They deluge the fair and fertile land with their ruinous
 overflow,
 Far back to the hills, where camelias stand, with their
 sweet flowers white as snow.
 Hark! A mysterious, angry roar! What means that aw-
 ful sound?
 The dread "Tae-foong"† has neared the shore and the
 mountain billows bound.
 The frightened sea birds sail in haste, through the murky
 air, o'er the boundless waste
 Of the mighty waters, that lash with foam, the junks that
 afar on the south seas roam.

On the Nanking tower the sun is shining, gilding its
 porcelain tiles,
 The clouds are showing their silver lining, and nature is
 wreathed in smiles;
 But the wanderer's tossed on the chopping sea, and little
 cares he where he may be;
 Whether sunk beneath the billowy main, or swept away
 with the hurricane!
 On lone Formosa's sea-girt isle his junk is stranded high,
 Down rush a horde of savages, with a startling develish
 cry.
 With their blackened teeth in a horrid grin, unmindful
 of the breakers' foam,
 They drag the frightened sailors in the boundaries of
 their mountain home,
 And as the crackling fagots burn, and they whet their
 glittering knives,
 The poor souls know not where to turn, or what to do to
 save their lives;

* An important female divinity in Buddhist mythology.

† Typhoon or great wind.

They think of their children far away, of their loving
wives who watch and pray
For their health and safe return.
With chattering teeth and knocking knees, and faces
white with fear,
Those hardy men, in the mountain breeze, let fall a silent
tear,
And each one breathes to Heaven a prayer, that quick re-
lief may reach them there,
While the fagots brightly burn !
Ahashuerus, exulting now, at the sight of speedy death,
Confronts those knives with haughty brow, and an almost
stifled breath;
But they turn away with sneering look, his heart within
him sinks,
And the sailors' blood, as from a brook, the tattooed
savage drinks.
Thinking to show an abject fear, and his turn would
sooner come,
He heaves a sigh, and drops a tear; but with an under
hum
Of earnest tones, with frightened looks, they seem inclined
to go,
And leave their roasts and stakes untouched, and their
grand repast forego.
"Oh ! 'Tis ever thus, from that evil hour, when I heard
that great One say,
"Though you ever chase grim monster Death, from you
he'll flee away,
"And, ever mocking, lure you 'on,' until the Judgment
Day !"

Sadly he turns to the Eastern shore, where rolls the
Pacific wave,
Once more he breathes an earnest prayer, that it may be
his grave;
And wading far to meet the tide, with outstretched arms
of welcoming,

No ship did e'er so safely ride, when into harbour hasten-
 ing.
 And floating on with cork-like grace, for only his heart
 had weight,
 He knew he must still pursue his race, and patiently bow
 to fate.
 A trading junco comes along, with bellying sails and
 sailors strong,
 And quick to larboard side they throng, and pull the
 dripping wanderer in.
 With clothing dry, and coffee strong, from Java's spicy
 land,
 And pitying look and wondering eye, those honest sailors
 stand,
 And each one tries, with kindly thought, to lend a help-
 ing hand.

Then driven on by the great monsoon, on the wings of
 the wind the junco flew
 Away to the Island of Yipangu.¹
 Where the palaces shine with burnished gold, and dead
 men's mouths the pink pearls hold,²
 Where the holy Mias³ throng the way, in which the
 solemn "Bonzes",⁴ pray,
 For the people who crowd the shaded way, to strike the
 sounding gong⁵ within
 The gate of Ixo, blest retreat, where once a year the
 pilgrims meet,
 To pray together at the feet of "Tensio-dar-sin."⁶

¹ Nippon, or Japan, called Yipangu by Marco Polo.

² Marco Polo says that gold was so plenty that the roofs of some of the Japanese palaces were covered with a plating of gold, also the ceilings of the halls, and small tables of pure gold were used, and that one part of the inhabitants placed a large pink pearl in the mouths of the corpses on burying them.

³ Temples.

⁴ Priests.

⁵ A gong hangs within the gates of their temples, by striking which each visitor announces his arrival.

⁶ The reputed mother of the Japanese nation, a demi-goddess said to have been born and died at Isje or Ixo.

THE WANDERING JEW;

He stands on the shores of the "Sun Source¹ land," around
him a sea of eyes,
Not one in all that sunburnt band, to know what it is he
cries.
They offer him "Saki,"² rice and cake, and around him
pitying stand,
While all manner of signs they rapidly make, that he
must leave their land.
Not knowing their laws, he turns to the hills, longing to
be alone,
But quick as thought, each "conch-shell"³ fills with a
startling long drawn tone.
Away he goes o'er bridges and streams, and after him
quick they fly,
Like a "will o' the wisp," he keeps ahead to the top of
Mount Fusi.
Astonished and baffled their leader turns, filled with a
sinking dread;
He draws his keen sword⁴ twice across his body! And
life has fled!

Ahashuerus lays him down on the sand-bright⁵ moun-
tain's side,
And looks at the waters of Jedo Bay, where they meet
the Pacific tide;
He can hear the distant billows roar, as they dash on
Kana-gawa's shore,
Sounding, sounding, evermore, in a saddening monotone,
Seeming to say, with a threatening sound,
Thou must keep "*on*" going the world around,

¹ The Chinese named the Island of Japan "Jih-pun-quo," or
"Sun Source kingdom." See "Japan," by R. Hildreth.

² A spirituous liquor made of rice.

³ Account of Fernam Mendez Pinto, as to the Japanese mode of
calling "to arms." See "Hildreth's Japan."

⁴ The Japanese method of committing suicide, when anticipating
any disgrace, to secure the property from confiscation and family
from death.

⁵ The sides of Mount Fusi are covered with a bright dazzling sand.
See "Hildreth's Japan."

OR THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

The Andalusian coral and the Catalonian pearl,
The silks and oils and spices from the far off Eastern
world,
Are brought to deck the ancient town that stands upon
the river,
Where hamlets line its fertile banks, the famed old
"Gaudelquiver,"
On which the palace of Zahra* stands, with its ceilings
of steel and gold,
And its columns of granite and marble grand, its silver
fountains pure and cold:
While the light of a thousand lamps flashed out, and the
famous pearl † was hung
O'er the basin of alabaster, and the rose and jasmine clung,
And mingled their sweets with the orange, the myrtle
and laurel and lime,
With their "sweet scented mates of the garden," that
grew in that sun bright clime.
To the gate of this "City of Love" many peoples did
tribute bring,
On which stood the Statue of Zahra, lovely wife of the
Saracen king.

The lamps of the mosque are lighted, and flash o'er the
sculptured gold,
Far up to the burnished ceilings the columns of jasper hold.
And while the solemn caliphs their feast of Beiram ‡ keep,
He thinks of the sacred Passover he kept in the days
of old;
And with a great homesickness he longs once more to
stand
By the "Hill of dear old Zion," away in his native land.

Then through the pass of Roncesvalles, across the
Pyrenese,

* Wife of Abramus III.

† "The famous Pearl," presented to the Caliph by the Emperor
Leo.

‡ Beiram, a sacred Mohammedan feast which corresponds with the
Passover of the Jews.

Where Hispania's sweetly scented gales meet the hardier
 Northern breeze,

The wanderer finds his weary way across the Freeman's *
 lands,

And down the wide Flaminian way, once more in Rome
 he stands!

What changes have a thousand years made within her
 ruined walls,

As if he had a thousand ears, the blood of martyrs calls,
 From hill and dale and marshy ground, where Roma's
 ruined columns lie,

In sad confusion all around; but one old landmark meets
 his eye:

The Pantheon of other days is standing grimly still.

But where are all the statues gone, of the Gods of the
 Heathen world?

The great avenging Jupiter † from his recess is hurled!
 He turns away! All, all is change; there stands the
 Coliseum,

Stupenduous pile, that has been reared since centuries ago,
 He walked away from burning Rome to "wander to
 and fro."

The crucifix is standing, where the gladiator's groans
 Ascended from the bloody sands, as the tiger crushed his
 bones.

And o'er that wide arena melancholy silence reigns,
 Where once was heard the clank of the tortured victim's
 chains.

On the ruins of Cæsar's palace, on the top of the Pala-
 tine hill,

Where the Golden house of Nero (whose Bacchanal
 sounds are still)

Stood in the days long past; he is seated

And in anguish he suddenly cries:

Oh, where can I go, and repeated,

* Franks, signifying Freeman.

† Statue of Jupiter. See extract from Dr. Clark in Vol. 1st of
 Charles Bucke's "Ruins of Ancient Cities."

He hears the word "go", by the echoes,
And away to the South he flies.

Another change is before him, for what does he now see?
A great black plain is stretching where once stood
Pompeii!

One look of wonder, why it is thus!

One glance at dark Vesuvius;

One vain regret that he cannot be

Beneath the ashes of Pompeii.

And then he wanders around the tomb

Of Alexander the Great, whose rest, without dream,

Is not disturbed by the Jackal's scream

As it prowls around in the catacomb,

In the once proud City, of which the fame

Spread as far o'er the world as it's founder's name;

Now "fallen, fallen" in mighty decay!

Broken columns and obelisks encumbering the way,

Where in mournful pageant, slow, slow o'er the scene,

Wound the grandest funeral that ever has been.

The famed Cleopatra no more waves her fan,

Attended by Iras and fond Charmian,

While she makes the soldier forget country and home,

And the wife of his bosom in far off Rome.

The monument is crumbled, which resounded with her cry,

As, with "I'm dying, Egypt, dying!"* the warrior closed
his eye

On the world with all its pomp, all its love and all its
glory,

And left the sage and poet to tell his mournful story.

From the top of the Cheops Pyramid he views the
Memphian sands,

Fast filling up the wondrous Lake,† built by the busy
hands

Of the quiet mummies sleeping within their catacombs,

* Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra."

† Lake Moeris.

Now the equals of the mighty kings in their subterranean
tombs.
And the long Nile winding down from the lofty Lunar
mountains,
Looming in their snowy grandeur above the Indian sea,
Gaining volume as it passes the long sought silvery
fountains,
Where roam the foetish black men, through the Unya-
muezi.
His eye rests on the solemn sphinx, gilded by the set-
ting sun,
That in the Western sand drift sinks, as the sultry "day
is done."
Now slowly choking underneath the heaping sands of
years,
That mournful sphinx seems looking, with almost human
tears,
On relentless Time's wild doings with sublunary things,
And the proud and mighty fabrics of the old Egyptian
kings.
And now to ancient Thebes, the City of the Gods,
Where on his lofty pedestal great Osymandias* nods;
Where the dust of million mummies in the stony moun-
tains lie,
Bearing on their pulseless bosoms the cherished Papyri;†
Who were borne from out the "hundred gates" in the
ages long since gone,
To rest until the angel's trump wakes the Resurrection
morn.
No more does Memnon's statue murmur forth a glad-
some sound,
As the rising sun guilds statues and obelisks around.

* A powerful Egyptian king whose enormous statue stands in a vestibule of various colored stone, three hundred feet long and sixty feet high, at the entrance of his splendid tomb. See "Thebes" in "Ruins of Ancient Cities," by Charles Bucke. Vol. 11.

† Egyptian paper made from the Papyrus plant, which grows in the marshes of the Nile, on which were inscribed the names and deeds of the mummies.

But in rows, the solemn Sphinxes, guarding Ammon's
 sacred shrine,
Stand with the granite obelisks, through which the sun
 beams shine,
And in awful stillness seem to say, "like Time, thou still
 must 'go'"
On through succeeding ages and wander "to and fro."

Across the narrow Isthmus (near which his Fathers trod,
Through the foaming Red Sea waters, led on by Israel's
God),

And across the lonely desert, Ahashuerus flies
To where, in awful grandeur, Mount Sinai's heights arise.
No pillar goes before him, but angry clouds behind,
With their thunderings, seem to tell him, he never rest
can find.

He dare not raise his weary eyes aloft to Horeb's height,
Where the glory of Jehovah appeared to Moses' sight.
For he seems to hear, in thunder tones, the sixth command
again,

And, driven on by frantic fear, he speeds him o'er the plain,

Where the patient camel finds a home,
And the unconquered sons of Ishmael roam,
As free as roamed poor Hagar's son three thousand years
before!

(Here triumphant Christians shouted their "Kyrie Eleeson,"

Where they saw the Saviour * walking, the purple clouds
upon;

And the blinded Hebrews trembled, as He appeared to them,

In rays of brilliant glory and royal diadem.

Here the Moslemites are waiting for the coming of that day,

When the waters of the Euphrates shall quickly shrink
away,

* See Al Koran.

No sound of human voice is heard, for Edom's race is
 gone,
 As the prophet* told them long ago, and Israel still roves
 "on."

All, all, is silent as the grave!
 Where once from India's "coral strand," across Arabia's
 burning sand,
 Wound the patient camel slow,
 With its heavy loads of silks and gold, the fragrant spice,
 and wealth untold,

To the Mediterranean wave.
 A start, a shudder, and hark! What is it he hears
 around?

From the Mausoleums, deep and dark, comes again that
 dreadful sound:

"Go on," until the Judgment Day;
 And back again, through the narrow way,
 He, trembling, turns to the West,
 And down he sinks on the mountain's† brow,
 Where the Bones of Aaron rest.

CANTO IV.

(The First Crusade.—A. D. 1099.)

HIS long, long trance is ended, and he starts as young,
 renewed,
 As when from Calvary he descended, and its last sad
 scenes he viewed;
 And drawing his tattered robe around, he leaves old
 Mount Hor's quiet ground,
 And soon is where the minarets shine, on the Moslem
 towers in Palestine.

* Obadiah 18.

† Mount Hor

On Zion's sacred hill-side, now roam the Infidel bands;
Where once the Temple of Solomon stood, the Mosque of
Omar stands:

"Can this be dear Jerusalem, I've come once more to see?

"Even her ruined towers and walls would be more dear
to me,

"Than these hateful Moslem crescents, that are shining
in the sun,

"Would that the earth would open, and swallow up every
one!"

Where more than a thousand years ago, roared the awful
demon Fire,

Now the Spring time sun is shining, gilding tower and
spire;

The running fountains glisten, through the dark, tall cy-
press trees,

And wafted from olive and grape vines, comes the sound
of humming bees.

But hark! Another sound breaks forth, and the quiet
valley fills,

And far away, towards the North, their banners rising
on the hills,

Comes a straggling crowd of pilgrims worn,
Their cross-stitched * garments soiled and torn.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! a thousand tongues cry out;

The warrior throws aside his lance,

And passion stirs in every glance!

The toil worn pilgrims kneel to pray;

They throw their swords and shoes away!

With bending heads, and naked feet,

They crowd along the dusty street;

And then with psalms and hymns of praise,

The Red-cross banners, high they raise,

And "*Deus vult! Deus vult!*" the Christians war cry,
loud they shout.

* The Crusaders had crosses of red cloth stitched on to the shoulders of their outside garments. Some imprinted the cross upon themselves with a red hot iron. See Michelet's France, page 210.

Among the dying and the dead is rolling many a Mos-
lem head;
The poor Jew thinks he's in a dream, so strange do all
these wonders seem.
The strife o'er the Tomb of the risen Lord,
Whose mission was peace, and not the sword,
Is ended. And then they go, on bended knee,
With anthems loud, up Calvary.
Then kiss the stone where the Saviour lay,
And with the Hermit* kneel and pray,
That none but Christians may ever stand
Within the bounds of the Holy land!

Ahashuerus turns away, 'tis of little use for him to stay,
For little they cared or little they knew,
What troubled the heart of the "Wandering Jew."
He pauses to pray by the graves of his Fathers, and then
by the Saviour's tomb,
That God would grant him grace and strength to bear his
dreadful doom.
Then crossing swift Kedron's brook again, he sat on
Gethsemane's stone,
And thought how that "meek one" prayed, and had
"trodden the wine press alone."
He wonders how many centuries more, he must come on
his weary round before
"The ransomed† of the Lord shall come, with everlasting
joy and song,
"When sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and gladness
fill the mighty throng."
"Who come‡ to build the old waste place, and loud
Messiah's praises sing,
"To rear their holy temple high, and crown Him Ever-
lasting King."

* Peter the Hermit, who preached in the First Crusade.

† Isaiah LI v. 11.

‡ Ezekiel ch. xxxvi. v. 33

In the lofty Lebanon mountains, beside a lonely cave,
By the light of flaming torches, they are digging deep,
a grave.

The swarthy Paynin soldiers, with reverence bow the
head,

As the Hermit* chants the Christian prayer above the
Christian dead;

And they lay the warrior knight to rest, beneath the
cedar's shade;

With the Red cross marked upon his breast: he has
marched on his last crusade!

And long the fair† Adela 'll mourn for her knight who
never will return;

The scarf, she wove with her girlish hand, he wore when
he fell in the Holy Land,

Thinking more of his love for her, than he did of the Holy
Sepulchre.

Alas! It was an evil hour when Stephen braved the Sul-
tan's power,

And, fainting, heard "Allah Achbar" on the bloody
plains of Ramula.

The "Wanderer" turns again to "go," he wonders much
that it is so,

That distant Nations should draw the sword, to fight for
the tomb of the risen Lord.

How sweet the perfume of the flowers, is wafted o'er
Damascus' wall,

As the "Wanderer" tramps along the way, where the
vivid lightning blinded Saul.

(But not until he saw the Lord and shook with terror at
the word,

That he in thundering tones did hear, which stopped him
in his mad career.)

* Peter, the Monk of Amiens.

† Adela, third daughter of William the Conqueror; she married Stephen, Count of Blois, who fell in the Holy Land shortly after the First Crusade. See the "Heroines of the Crusades" by C. A. Bloss.

He walks along the old "straight street," where Jews
 and Christians often meet,
 And sigh that the Moslem holds from them the soil of
 dear Jerusalem!
 He would linger long by the palm trees shade, as sad by
 Abana's banks he strayed.
 But he must leave behind those gardens fair, and hie
 away through the mountain air,
 To where the lofty Temple stands, built long ago by the
 giant hands,*
 In the days of Baalbec's pomp and pride, but are mould-
 ering now in the mountain's side;
 Only the columns still are seen, through which once
 walked the Sheban Queen.
 And on that Temple, by time undone, reluctant shines
 the setting sun,
 As if recalling the olden days, when crowds had wor-
 shipped its golden rays;
 The lapwings cry through the broken doors, the lizards
 crawl o'er the marble floors,
 That once resounded to the tread, of the silent, slumber-
 ing, mouldering dead,
 Whose hands had carved those pillars tall, that lie like
 giants in their fall.
 A few still point their shadows long, across the silent vale,
 Where, in ancient times, the mighty throng sang praises
 to refulgent Baal.

Astarte † rises o'er the hill, shedding her silvery light
 afar, ‡
 As bright as when King Solomon rode, his chariot grand,
 to Istakar. ||

* Lamartine states that human bones of immense magnitude are said to have been discovered not far from Baalbec, in a valley of the Antilibanus.

† Astarte, the moon, called the "Queen of Heaven" and worshipped as such by the ancient Phenicians.

‡ Evening in Syria.

|| Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley quotes Abulfedar and says that the Persians have a tradition that Solomon often passed his day at Baalbec and his night at Istakar.

The "wanderer" starts at the slightest sound, he sees
 the spectres all around;
 They seem to point, with their bony hands, across the
 Syrian sands;
 And "on" he flies, in his distress, to Tadmor in the
 wilderness.

Now standing mid the ruins of the Temple of the sun,*
 He looks far o'er the Sandy sea to the distant horizon,
 And beholds in golden splendor the ancient's god arise,
 Seeming to point, with lengthening beams, to its maker
 in the skies.

The desert sands are lighting up, and the marble pillars
 shine;

No wonder that life giving Baal was thought to be
 divine!

But the twittering birds in the old palm trees, that are
 drinking in the morning breeze,
 Are the only worshippers left to praise the shining god
 of ancient days.

(The multitudes that crossed those sands with untold
 wealth of Eastern lands,

The men who reared those wondrous walls, o'er whose
 cold tombs the serpent crawls,
 Are resting now, their labors done, but he, alas! must
 still move "on.")

He takes a drink from the sparkling rill, that is flowing
 down from the Western hill,

Perhaps the same that quenched the thirst of Earth's
 wisest king,† when on him burst

The vision of Tadmor's loveliness, the beautiful desert
 oasis;

When he restored her temples grand, and "fenced" ‡
 her round on every hand,

* Morning in Syria.

† Solomon.

‡ That portion of ancient Palmyra, the temples &c. dedicated to the worship of Baal or the Sun, was probably built by the Assyrians or Phœnicians. King Hiram of Tyre restored them to Solomon, who repaired them and caused the children of Israel to dwell there. See II. Chron. ch. VIII., v 2, 3, 4, 5.

And caused the people, as they passed by, to praise Jehovah, God most high.

The smoke is curling in the morning air, from straw
thatched roofs of swarthy Bedouins there,
With deep regrets the traveler's mind they fill, and make
those stately ruins look more mournful still.

But presently he hears the old familiar sound of the Hebrew tongue, which makes his heart rebound,
And soon he sees a party of some trading Jews,* who
crowd around him quick to hear the news.

"Alas! There is no peace," he said, "for our poor countrymen,

"The horrid din of war is heard on Zion's hill again,

"The Roman hosts rose in their power and drove them
from their land;

"Then came the fiery Saracen, and reared, on every hand,

"Mahomet's temples, with their domes, and minarets
and towers,

"And now the lowly Christian comes, from many lands
and powers,

"And high their hated emblem, amid our old palm trees,

"Is floating o'er Jerusalem, and flaunting in the breeze!

"The first time I went back, more than a thousand years
ago,"——

"Stand back, Ben! Isaac, stand back!"

One of the Hebrews cries,

"The pestilence follows in the track,

"Wherever that old man flies!"

And away they run in mortal fear, and behind the old
walls disappear.

The Jew looked o'er the great flat waste,

Where famed Zenobia once did haste,

And rode for life, as she bared her throat of olive brown
to the breeze;

Her black eyes sparkled and her white teeth shone, as
she neared the Euphrates.

* According to Benjamin of Tudela there were near 2000 Jews in Palmyra in the 12th century.

But in vain her dromedary tall, fast strided o'er the sandy
plain,
For caught at last, she was led to grace,* in a foreign
land, the conqueror's train.

He stands in the old stone doorway of the Temple of
the Sun,
Sadly turning his weary eyes on the ruins, one by one.
When from the great square towers there seems to come
a sound,
Such as he hears in every place, and, with a sudden bound,
He is speeding away across the sands, and down through
the Syrian plain,
Near the old land of his fathers, he trembling comes again.
He flies to the "City of Refuge," at Golan† in Bashan,
Where Og slept on his iron bed, the mighty giant man:
Whom Moses and his people smote, when the Lord was
on their side,
With Sihon, king of Heshbon, 'ere they crossed the Jor-
dan's tide.
On the battle field of Edrei, where that giant king was
slain,
He thought of the weary ages gone, since Moses trod
that plain.
But there is no refuge left for him, in the ruined Cities
of long ago,
And dreary looks the dreary way, from the Dead Sea
Lake to Herman's snow.
He follows along the Jordan's stream, where it leaves still
Galilee,
Down, down its winding zig-zag course, and reaches the
dull dead sea.

* Poor Zenobia was confined in fetters of gold, and entered Rome walking behind the triumphal car of Aurelian. Noble man! He conquered a woman!

† Golan, one of the three Cities of Refuge, set apart by Moses to the Sons of Levi, who composed the priesthood. It is on the East side of Jordan. The Cities of Refuge were intended as places of safety for those who committed murder without "malice prepense." See chap. IV. of Deuteronomy, 42, and 43 verses.

But he finds no comfort anywhere, from the burning
thoughts within,
And he passes along the old Mount Seir, in the wilder-
ness of Zin.

Zangummims,* Emims, all are gone, Anakims, Horimstall,
Whom his fathers feared in the olden time, the Lord from
earth had swept them all,
Since the grapes of Eschol first had given, a foretaste of
the fruits of Heaven,
To the "wandering Jews," as they passed by, their great
fenced cities walled so high,
On their way to Canaan's promised land, led by Jehovah's
powerful hand.

Now crossing Araby's sands again, and on to the East
away,
In Elephanta's† cavern fanes, he knelt him down to pray,
Where ages gone, the giant race of Noah's scattered sons,
Had carved so high, in that dread place, those wondrous
temple domes.
In silence and with stony frown, their triune God‡ is
looking down,
To where eight armed Colossus stands, holding in his
mammoth hands
The ponderous sword, that seems to shake, with belt of
heads and hooded snake.
While on the head of a Taurus leaning, is the great one
breasted Amazon,
And down the aisles are figures sitting, while over head
the bats are flitting,

* Giant races. See Deut. ch. II. Undoubtedly they were the descendants of the giants spoken of in the VI. chap. of Genesis, and by whose hands were reared the wonderful stones of Baalbec, Tadmor and other ancient cities, both in the old and new world, already discovered and many yet to be discovered, between the Mediterranean sea and Pacific ocean, buried in the sands and loams of ages, from Ararat to the Indian Sea, and from the Laurent Hills to Cape Horn.

† A small Island in the harbor of Bombay.

‡ The Idol with three heads, representing Bramah, Vishnu and Siva; the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer, according to Hindoo theology.

Undaunted past the sentinel * of stone, who guards those
 portals well:
 For long have stood the cavern fanes, where Elephantine
 silence reigns,
 Waiting, like Petra and Carnac, to point the modern
 sceptic back,
 To the proof of sacred scripture told by men inspired,
 the prophets old,
 Of the giant race, who flourished then, and wrote their
 acts with "iron pen,"
 And carved and reared their temples high, to count the
 passing ages by.

Away up the Tigris river, near Bagdad's famous plain, †
 O'er which had swept the Tartar hordes of the dreaded
 Tamerlane,
 With trumpets, horns, and kettle drums, and a countless
 multitude,
 That swarmed the air, like vulture birds, in a ravenous
 haste for food,
 When swooping ‡ down from the lofty height of old
 "Earth's strong girdle," ||
 They overran fair Persia's land, and made the warm blood
 curdle,
 At the sight of the towering pyramids of ghastly human
 faces.
 (For more like Russian wolves were they, than like the
 human races.
 Regardless both of virgins' shrieks, of old men's cries
 and matrons' prayer,
 Like whirlwind o'er the land they swept, leaving ruin
 everywhere.

* Seventeen feet high. See Lossing's History of the fine Arts, in
 No. 103 of the "Family Library."

† A. D. 1403.

‡ See Frazer's History of Persia, p. 170

|| The "Hindoo Coosh," called "Earth's stony girdle" by Arabian
 geographers. See Gibbon.

And as the groans faint died away, from cities, villages
 and plains,
 There quickly rose another sound, the joyful sound of
 wedding strains.*
 Of "wealth and fashion" then were full, the gardens
 fair of Canighul;
 And loudly brayed the brazen band, within the tent at
 Samarcand!
 But when he felt the icy breath of that pale horse, on
 which rode Death,
 It proved that he, like Genghis Khan, was, after all, but
 mortal man.)

CANTO V.

TIS of little use for the Jew to dwell on those past
 scenes; he knows full well,
 That the spectre, all men seem to dread, ever before *him*
 flies ahead.
 So "*on*" he goes to the North away, across the Deserts
 of wide Cathay;
 And next are opening to his view, the turrets and temples
 of Kambalu.†
 The great bell tolls the evening chime, as it did in Ku-
 blai's gorgeous time,
 When elephants brought him pearls and gold, and all
 the treasures of Cathay old.
 And goblets of wine at his command, flew up like witches
 to meet his hand;
 For none must touch with their finger-tips, the cup intended
 for royal lips;

* Tamerlane celebrated the marriage of his six grandsons (after the battle of Angora) in his capital at Samarcand.

† P'ekin.

When fish and fowl, and bird and beast, were brought to
grace the "Great White Feast,"
While he reclined in his tent of silk, and quaffed the
"koumis" of white mare's milk;
And feasted and rode, in his pomp and power, until there
came the mournful hour,
When slowly wound his funeral train away, to the Altai's
lofty chain,
His body to hunt and hawk no more, his spirit to roam
on the other shore,
Attended by horses, and lords, and hounds, sent on with
him to the hunting grounds.

The Jew looks down the broad, straight street, where
Infidel and Christian meet,
The swarthy, fiery Tartar men, and the indolent turbaned
Saracen;
But never a one, in all that throng, greets him, as alone
he roams along;
And he crosses the line of the ruined wall, and trembling
harks to the ominous call,
That is ever sounding in his soul, as he wanders on from
pole to pole.

"Over the frozen Siberian snow, away by the Northern
pole,
"He stands on the edge of the continent, where the Polar
oceans roll."
He lists to the boom of the breakers' roar, dashing on
Columbia's shore,
And hark! The patter of feet behind, but the sound goes
off in the whistling wind,
While he with dread now paler grows! His eyes rest on
the untrodden snows.
Oh! There are the drops of crimson gore! He saw them
long, long years before,
For the phantom flies along that road, of Herodias bearing
her hideous load!

Not daring even to look around, he crosses the strait with
a fearful bound,
And away he goes, o'er mountain and river; the Indians
yell, and their bow-strings quiver;
And the painted warrior knows not why, 'though pierced
with the arrow, he does not die.

Far over the rocky mountains, near Missouri's winding
stream,
Within a lonely cavern, led on by the fire-fly's gleam,
He gropes his way through a chamber, not formed by
the hand of man.
(Its arches rang with a human sound, long ere his race
began;
A giant form is resting there, by the friendly plaster
covered,
With his helmet placed upon his head, by one who o'er
him hovered,
When the King of Terrors came for him, and he laid
down his shield,
And his ponderous hammer rested, he never more would
wield.
Was it wife or loved companion, who crossed the seas
with him,
Whose skull is resting by his side, within that chamber
dim?
Long, long ago, perhaps, he sailed away from ancient
Tyre,
In some of the "ships of Tarshish;" perhaps he knew
Goliah,
Or may be "Og of Bashan" sent him to hunt for gold,
And when those "letters in stone" are read, his history
may be told.)
The "old fire hearth" is silent. It whispers not the names,
Of those who once were gathered, around its cheerful
flames;
But within that lofty chamber, these words seem stealing
through:



"Two thousand years we've rested, but there's no rest
 for you."
 So up and "on" he goes again, through the forest haunts
 of the wild red men,
 And the Indian skiffs seem not to glide, adown the deep
 Ottawa's tide,
 As fast as he gets on through space, like whirlwind on his
 fearful race.
 And standing on those granite hills, where the swarthy
 savages roam,
 He thought upon the time long past, when no sound save
 the breaker's foam,
 (As it washed the long Silurian beach, stretching far to
 the West away)
 Startled the finny life in the deep, as it jumped in the
 breaker's spray.
 In those days, when this ponderous Earth of ours, had
 scarce from chaos rolled,
 And the crust that covers its hidden fires, had hardly
 then grown cold,*
 And when the Rocky Mountains first reared their mighty
 chain,
 And first the Alleghanies looked down the Atlantic main;
 When the eagle and the Condor bird sailed o'er the
 quiet seas,
 And, unmolested, flapped their wings in the towering old
 fern trees;
 While the Acalephian coral, their reefs were building slow,
 Where to-day the orange flowers bloom, and the grand
 magnolias grow.†
 Ere the antlered elk and lion bold, and mighty mastodon,
 With all their kindred animals had trod, this earth upon.
 And God had crowned his handiwork, by making mortal
 man:
 And giving him a "living soul," and finished well his
 plan.

* See "Geological Sketches" by Prof. Agassiz.

† Florida.

And he thought how many centuries had slowly rolled
away,
Since first he started on his race, on Crucifixion day.
But hark! The Indian war hoops ring, through that dark
Laurentian hill,
But nought to him can danger bring, for he must wander still.

Now musing by the deep Lake shore, listening to Niagara's roar,
At least he can one comfort find, he's left the hated cross behind,
For the beings on this Western scene, ne'er heard the name of the Nazarene.

Down by the banks, where roam the wild daughters,
Of the prairie and forest, the "Father of waters,"
Seems hurriedly pointing him "on" to the sea,
As if it spoke of Eternity.

The moonbeams pale were glancing through, the trees
along the River,*
And he glided down in a long canoe, for he must roam
"forever."

The bold Antilles rear their chain, and the spicy breezes
blow,
Across fair Cuba's golden plain, and the peaceful Indians go
From Isle to Isle with never a care, but to seek the Bannan's shade,
And eat of the luscious fruits that grow, for their use in
the quiet glade:
Where stalk the birds in gorgeous plumes, and flowers
waft their soft perfumes,
And life seems one long summer day, amid the groves of
Ornofay.†

* The Mississippi.

† A province on the South side of Cuba.

He leaps upon the golden sand, rejoicing much once
 more to land.¹
 The startled natives, in affright, let fly their arrows at
 the sight,
 Of his tattered robe and haggard face, that bears the im-
 press of his race;
 But lo, they quickly draw away, and gaze at him in sore
 dismay,
 For their *poisoned* arrows did no harm, to the poor old
 Jew, and, in alarm,
 They hie away like startled deer, but timidly again drew
 near:
 And now they boldly ask his name, declare that he from
 Turey² came,
 And when he sadly shook his head, they brought him
 sweet cassava³ bread.
 They bound upon him golden bands, and gave him fruits
 of those fair lands;
 They sang to him Areytos⁴ lays, and tried, by all their
 artless ways,
 To cheer him; but 'twas all in vain, he ever wore a look
 of pain.
 They thought it was his tattered robe, he long had worn
 around the globe,
 That made him hated to be seen; they wove him one of
 "gossampine."⁵
 One day he strayed down by the shore, and listened to
 Atlantic's roar:
 "Though far away from Judah's land, with trackless waste
 on every hand,
 At least there was no cross to show, that he must ever
 onward "go."

¹ A. D. 1494.

² "Turey." A word meaning Heaven. See Washington Irving's
Inimitable History of "The Life and Voyages of Columbus."

³ Ibid.

⁴ Areytos. National songs and legends of the natives of the West
 India Islands. See Ibid.

⁵ Cotton.

Behold! Upon the turbid swell of the milk-white narrow
 sea,*
 There rides a stately "caravel"; who can those sailors be?
Columbus steps upon the shore! With joyful heart he
 proud unfurls,
 Henceforth to wave forevermore, Christ's Banner, o'er
 the Western worlds.
 The Natives raise their cheerful songs, the echoing woods
 their shout prolongs.
 (How little they knew!* In after years, when worn by
 want and blind with tears,
 They cursed the day the Christians (?) sailed o'er those
 fair seas, or that they hailed,
 With joyful shouts, those wondrous men, who burst upon
 their vision then.)

The "cross" was set, and the mass was sung,
 And the temples green with anthems rung;
 The incense rose far far overhead, and wide through the leafy
 boughs was spread.
 The artless natives crowd to see, what can those mystic
 symbols be!
 Ahashuerus knows full well, what tales those simple
 crosses tell!
 Of martyrs' crowns and battles won, of conquests yet to
 be begun;
 For the Lord of Hosts has made a vow, that to Him
 "every knee shall bow,"†
 And that His praises shall be sung "through every land,
 by every tongue."
 He knows that many a wicked deed, shall coming gener-
 ations read,
 Done in the name of that blessed Lord, "whose mission
 was peace, and not the sword;"

* A tract of the Sea, lying between Cuba and the Island of Evangelista, which alarmed Columbus and his crew on account of its milky whiteness.

† Isaiah, chap. 45, v. 27.

Who meekly died, mankind to save, and of its victory
robbed the grave.

The tall grass waved o'er the wide Savanna, from the
towering trees the sweet grapes hung,
Flamingoes stalked neath the soft banana, as the caravel
slow from its moorings swung.

Ahashuerus turns to "go," for he still must wander "to
and fro."

Far up the wooded height is seen, his snowy robe of gos-
sampine,¹

To flutter in the spicy wind, as those fair plains he leaves
behind.

In the edge of the forest dark and dim, by Copan
swiftly flowing,

Where the ponderous stony hammock² swings, with the
breezes softly blowing,

And the Western sun is gilding bright, the crimson
Idols topmost height;

On Pyramids and mountains high, with their hideous
Cinocephali,³

The priests are winding slowly 'long, with solemn sacri-
ficial song,

Up to the altars where will lie, the trembling victim,
doomed to die.

Whose warm and palpitating heart, torn rudely 'way with
"itzli"⁴ dart,

Is placed in golden censer there, with priestly chant and
priestly prayer;

1 The companions of Columbus were terribly frightened at the sight of a man, dressed in a long white robe, whom they saw on the shore of the Southern coast of Cuba. See Irving's Columbus.

2 Described by Francisco de Fuentes (who wrote the Chronicles of Guatemala) as being suspended from two large stone pyramids over a gateway in Copan, and seen by him in the year 1700, containing a male and female figure. See Steven's "Central America."

3 Death heads carved on the sides of the Pyramids of Copan, resembling apes or baboons and monstrous animals like those worshipped at Thebes under the name of "Cynocephali."

4 "Itzli," a flinty substance which the Indians of Guatemala used for hatchets, arrow heads, etc.

While the stony idol, with stony frown, and stony heart,
looks stony down,
Perhaps the solemn monkeys, that promenaded the trees,
The oldest race that felt the sweep, of the double ocean
breeze,
Could tell him which descendant, of brave old Noah, came
Across the Western ocean, and carved his deeds and name,
In a long forgotten language, on tower and altar grand,
That stand like solemn sentinels, in that sultry southern
land.
Perhaps the jabbering beings, if he understood their
tongue,
Could tell what happened 'neath those trees, from which
their patriarchs swung.
Perhaps traditions, one by one, were "handed down from
sire to son;"
And they know what Asiatic race did cross the sea and
take the place,
Of the ancient one who carved those stones, that grandly
guard their bleaching bones.
But still another people will come from Christian land,
And rear the holy steeple, where the stony altars stand.
And then the swarthy Indians, in their turn, will disappear,
For the conquering sons of Japhet* even now are landing
here.
E'en now the "fell destroyer"† with that old man marches
by,
To sweep away its thousands to the hunting grounds on
high.

On the plains of Guatemala the Hebrew wanders slow,
By the side of lovely waters, that to the ocean flow;
The gay plumed parrots screaming fly, while far beyond
Mount Agua † high,

* The followers of Columbus.

† The Cholera.

† A mountain or water Volcano, which at intervals inundated the old City of Guatimala.

Pours its destructive waters, down on verdant plains and
peaceful town.

And near it, like a light-house fire, "Fuego's"* flames
are rising higher;

The glowing sun now slowly sinks down in the Western
foam,

Ahashuerus breathes the sigh, "Ah! whither shall I
roam?

"I've seen all lands and waters, there's nothing new to me,
"Oh! Must I roam forever, to all Eternity?"

In dark Palenque's corridors, where silent figures stand,
Keeping the secret of centuries, a dumb and waiting band,
Waiting to tell the history of the people passed away,
When, 'neath the shadow of the cross, a people shall come
to pray,

And read the mystic characters, carved deep along the
walls,

Where slow and unmolested the changing lizard† crawls.

Beside the stony altars doth Ahashuerus rest,

While vain regrets and longings are rising in his breast:

When shall I see my people, he sadly says aloud,

And the answer "people, people," seems echoed from
the crowd

Of silent, staring figures, along those gloomy halls;

And looking 'round upon them, as the setting sunlight
falls,

He starts to see how much each face reminds him of his
home:

"They surely are of Hebrew race, when did this people
come?"†

* Fuego, a volcano of fire which, after a great number of alarming
shocks, completely destroyed Antigua, Guatemala, on the 13th of De-
cember, 1773. Both mountains immediately overlooked the City.

† The Chameleon, which turns to the color of whatever it crawls
upon.

‡ According to Fuentes, the Chronicler of Guatemala, the Tolties
were said to be descended from the Israelites, who were led across
to the new continent by their chief Tanub, after crossing the Red
Sea with Moses.

(Long years ago old Tanub sailed across the Arab sea,
Far from the sound of Moses wrath, his followers longed
to be,

And so across the wider main, they took their lonely way,
Where idols they could build again, and to them blindly
pray.

But 'though they reared them wondrous high, and carved
them wondrous well,

'Though time and weather they defy, they still of ruin tell.)
The flapping bat is whizzing 'round, the "shining
beetles" gleam,

In the dark and gloomy palace halls, where the silent
figures seem

To call upon that poor old man, to read their secrets well,
And to the waiting, wondering world aright those secrets
tell.

But all is wrapt in mystery, and years must roll away,
'Ere light will break upon them, and the old man cannot
stay.

Away o'er the high Sierras, the Indian's dusky form,
Is hurrying onward to avoid the darkly gathering storm,
And hark! what is that rumbling sound, that seems to
come from underground?

The lightnings flash, the thunders roll, there is no rest
for that poor soul!

And driven "*on*," unhappy man, he treads the soil of
Yucatan.

Now passing by the Uxmal towers, he nears the Carib sea,
And once again he launches on, its waters broad and free.

As he dreamily floats o'er the glassy sea,
The tops of the Andes are fading away;
The long sea weed waves like a fair meadow * lea,
And the dolphins chase "*volitans*" † through the spray.
Oh! Could he but rock on that tropical tide, away from
the scenes and haunts of men,

* See "Humboldt's Travels and Researches," his passage from
Teneriffe to Camana.

† "*Exo cetus Volitans*," flying fish. See Humboldt.

The "Ship" sails through the Southern sky, the Southern
cross is shining nigh,
 The *cross* that startled him before, on Patagonia's far off
 shore !).

Now down the mountain's rugged side, he hastes
 towards the sea;
 Again he's wafted o'er the tide, in hopeless misery.
 Then crossing Andalusia's plains,* towards her snowy
 mountains,
 Alhambra's ruby towers he gains, her courts and spark-
 ling fountains.
 The orange trees are blooming, the citrons fair are seen,
 The stately hills are standing still, the Darro rolls
 between.
 But, ah! What mean these silent courts? Since he was
 here before,
 The *Cross* surmounts the topmost height, the *crescent* shines
 no more !
 No more the gallant Moor flies past, on Arab steed so gay,
 With scimetars and banderoles, those times have past
 away.
 No more the jewels shine among the braided tresses long,
 Of moslem beauties, Spain has sung, in the old romantic
 song;
 Old Hassan's pride is fallen low, "Boabdil Chico's"
 gone,
 He breathed his last sad "Suspiro,"† the mountain side
 upon,
 As he turned for one more farewell gaze on tower and
 minaret,
 Where he had passed the happy days, he never could
 forget.
 (They say, that every year upon, the blessed eve of good
 St. John,

* A. D. 1554.

† "El Ultimo Suspiro de'l Moore," the "last sigh of the Moor."
 See Irving's "Conquest of Granada,

Forth from the distant mountain side, Boabdil Chico
pale does ride,
With cream white steed and sparkling crown, and Moorish
warriors pouring down,
With scimeters and cuirass bright, all flashing in the full
moonlight,
Wind noiselessly in gorgeous state, right through the
open Justice gate,
And in the Court of Lions, doth king Boabdil hold,
His shadowy sceptre on his throne, as in the days of old.
Again the Damask silks are hung, along the shadowy walls,
Again the pearls and gems shine out, within the gilded
halls;
The slaves go hurrying to and fro, to serve the phantom
feast,
For ere the morning cock shall crow, or light dawn in the
East,
That phantom Court must march away to Alpuzara's side,
And noiselessly in long array, those phantom courtiers ride.
But when their sins are all forgiven, and Allah's smile
beams from heaven,
The exiled Moors will all return, the beacon fires will
once more burn;
From Alpuzara's rugged side the gallant Moors again will
ride,
On Arab steeds, a splendid train, across the "Vega's"
lovely plain,
And in Lindaxara's garden, beneath the citron trees,
Again will Moorish lovers sigh upon the evening breeze.
But ah ! with such enchantment tales, unhappy Moors be-
guile,
The days of exile from their land, for old Alhambra's
pile,
That rang with sounds of revelry and Moorish valor then,
Will never echo back the tread of Moslem kings again.

The Owl is hooting on the mill, by Darro's winding
stream,

The shadows slant along the hill, in the quivering bright
moon-beam.

A turbaned Moor is resting near a moss grown lonely
tower,

A relic of the olden time, of Moorish pride and power.

And as the Hebrew wanders by, he thus accosts him with
a sigh:

“Ah, Jew! Our races are pursued, with all the Christians’
hate,

“And you must wear the yellow cap * and I must bow to
fate.

“No more can Hebrews find a home from persecution
free,

“Far to the new-world they must roam, beyond the West-
ern sea.

“In England now the fagots burn, and Christians (?) roast
their brothers;

“What Pagans long have done to them, they’re doing
now to others!

“Allah Achbar! Our God is great! Mahomet is his
Prophet!

“If Christ’s religion teaches thus, we cannot help but
scoff it!”

“I’ve traveled long,” the Jew replied, “and many lands
I’ve seen,

“But war and rapine mark the track of the hated Na-
zarene.”

“But Jesus did not teach them so,” the humble Moor re-
plied,

“For all His life was pure and good, for them He meekly
died;

“And if they minded what He said, they would to others
do,

“What they would have done unto them; is not this,
Hebrew, true?”

* The officers of the Inquisition compelled the Jews and Jewesses to wear yellow caps, during the persecutions in Spain, in the sixteenth century.

“ But why should He blaspheme the Lord, and say He
 was His son,
 “ That He the equal was in power, to that most Holy
 One?
 “ ’Tis true, the sun grew dark o’er head, the rocks and
 tombs were riven,
 “ When Jesus, dying, bowed His head, and I from thence
 was driven;
 “ Full fifteen hundred years are past, and I must wander
 still.” —

* * * * * *

The frightened Moor went very fast adown that moonlit
 hill,
 Nor stopped to give a second look towards the stranger’s
 face.
 While the poor old Jew began again his never ending
 race.

Again Ahashuerus goes across the Pyrenees,
 Again he’s tossing, lonely, on the stormy British Seas.
 He lands upon old England’s shore, that he remembered
 well,
 Where he had heard, long years before, the peaceful
 convent bell.
 But changed are now those quiet times, and martyrs’
 cries resound,
 Where years before the tinkling chimes of bells were
 heard around.
 His Hebrew friends are gone away, in distant lands they
 roam,
 Like seeds they’re sown * in every soil, but yet they have
 no home.
 No more the proud brave knights will ride, in the lists of
 Templestowe,
 Like Richard with the Lion heart, or gallant Ivanhoe, †

* Zachariah, chap. 10. v. 9.

† See Sir Walter Scott’s splendid “ Tale of Ivanhoe.”

To avenge the Hebrew maiden's wrongs, and her aged
 father's too.
 And shew to him a Christian's heart, although he *was* a
 Jew.
 For, now, the bloody Mary reigns, and holy men are
 dying;
 And far from England's troubled soil, her children swift
 are flying.
 Now, sick at heart, he turns away, across the sea again,
 Oh! how he longs once more to be, among his country-
 men.

Sad, sad and weary, slow he drew, towards the City
 fair;
 The "Day of St. Bartholomew" * was dawning brightly
 there,
 The tocsin is sounding its ominous knell, and answering
 back the ponderous bell,
 That swings in the tower of St. Germain; may France
 never hear those sounds again;
 Such deeds of horror that were done, along the bloody
 Seine,
 Not all the waters in its banks could wash away the stain!

"On," onward he flies to the South away, for no mat-
 ter where, he cannot stay.
 Toiling his way the long desert through, he stops in the
 City of Timbuctoo,
 That stands in the midst of the desert plain, unvisited,
 save by the caravan train,
 Bearing its spices and glittering ores, with slaves from
 their homes to distant shores,
 At the close of a long and sultry day, the horizon, tinged
 with a pale red ray,
 Bounds the wide spread plain of moving sand, deep
 silence reigns on every hand;
 Unbroke by the song of a single bird, and nought but
 the camel's cry is heard,

* August 24th, A. D. 1572.—Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

As it snuffs the hot wind, wafted o'er those mournful
slaves from their native shore.

But again he goes on with an aching head, and his throat
with thirst is parching,

When, at last, he nears an Oasis, spread in the way that
he is marching;

Then, faint and worn, he sinks, at last, by the side of a
cooling spring.

A Hebrew and Arab hurry past, and water to him bring;
They kindly hold his weary head, and bathe his poor old
face;

He murmurs, "Oh, that I were dead, and done this weary
race,

"Only one comfort now I find, I've left the hated cross
behind,

"For, surely, this wide desert scene has never heard of the
Nazarene."

"Ah, countryman! where have you been that you seem
not to know,

"That Christian shrines have long been seen, in the an-
cient ruins of Meroë?

"And the cross is reared in many a pile of Temples, washed
by the grand old Nile,

"Whose broken columns 'stand sublime,' pointing back
to the early time,

"When Ishmael's sons were carrying balm, away to the
land of Abraham;

"Or the Queen of Sheba left Gondar* and went arrayed
so fine,

"To hear the wisdom of Solomon, in the land of Palestine.

"Mid the obelisks of Axum, reared by Noah's giant race,

"Who crossed the Indian seas, and found in Ethiop's
sands a place,

"And in the gloomy caverns, where stand the statues
tall,

* The ancient capital of Abyssinia, said to have been the home of
the Queen of Sheba.

"Of Kings whose deeds are written in Hieroglyphics on
 the wall,
 "And the holy* ark is sculptured (high in the rocky
 caves),
 "In which their fathers safely sailed upon the world wide
 waves.

"Far down that mighty river that rolls its waters free,
 "From the Abyssinian mountains, to the Mediterranean
 Sea,
 "You 'll find the lowly cross is reared to mark each place
 of prayer,
 "And show to every traveler, the Christians have been
 there:
 "A christian king is on the throne, the Queen of Sheba
 sat upon,
 "And have you heard of the silver cross, long firmly held
 by Prester John?
 "Go where you will, you're sure to hear of Jesus' lowly
 name,
 "In Arctic seas, in Southern Zones, his love they still
 proclaim.
 "I know not what to think of Him; he must be our Mes-
 siah,
 "His fame is rolling o'er the world, like one great wave
 of fire."

And saying this, once more the Hebrew bathed his head,
 While gazing upward into space, Ahashuerus said:

"Alas! I know full well the truth of what you say to me,
 "Three times I've wandered 'round the world, and had
 some chance to see;
 "And, Oh! How weary now am I, for all He said was
 true,

* The sculptured form of a ship is found carved in the cavern
 temples along the Nile from Meroe to Memphis (no doubt by the
 primitive settlers of Nubia and Abyssinia, who came from Persia
 and India), to commemorate their escape from the Deluge.

"I've often tried, but cannot die, I am the 'Wandering Jew.'

* * * * *

The Arab wild forgot his lance, Levi forgot his pack,
They dropped their cups and started off, not daring to
look back!

For, even away in Timbuctoo, they'd heard with dread of
the "Wandering Jew."

He has crossed the Nile and is tramping on, away from
the Cataract's roar,

And nearing the caves of the Troglodytes* by the stormy
Red Sea shore;

Who watched the ships of Tarshish go, all richly laden
to and fro,

With myrrh and frankincense and gold, away to Tyre
and Sidon old,

To trade with great king David's son, for Cedar trees of
Lebanon.

There the Ethiop spreads his tiny sail, and scuds before
the Yemen gale,

Lightly rocking on the tide, where Algae and the coral
hide,

Their pink and emerald tints away, beneath the phos-
phorescent spray,

That floats above the meadows green, where wide the
Sea trees' † arms are seen,

With graceful branches lightly spread, above the Red
Sea's rocky bed.

Ahashuerus crosses over the "Way of Tears" ‡ to
Yemen's shore,

Where strong the spicy breezes blow, with fragrant musk
of Hadramant.

* The ancient fish eaters of Abyssinia, who dwelt in caves, as they
did before the flood.

† Strabo speaks of trees, like the laurel and olive, as seen growing
at the bottom of the Red Sea.

‡ "Bab el Mandeb," straits, so called by the ancient Arabs on ac-
count of the great danger in sailing through them.

Across the gulph the great Sun shines, a column rising
 higher,
 Then slowly sinks in Africa's sands, a pillar huge* of fire.
 In Aden's woods he roams along, the nightingales loud
 trill their song,
 And Nature seems as bright and gay, as e'er it did in
 Adam's† day.
 As when in Paradise he strayed, with his loved Eve, a
 beauteous maid;
 Ere he was driven forth to roam, and she, poor woman,
 left her home,
 And crossed Arabia's burning sands, to dwell with him
 in other lands.‡

* * * * *

(Of all the trials her daughters have seen, the leaving of
 home, the greatest have been.)

* See "Lord Valencia's Travels," Vol. II.

† I have located the Garden of Eden "eastward" in Aden, Arabia; the River Pison of Genesis is the Red Sea, which is thought to have been an ancient river. Gihon is the Nile "that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia," Genesis chap. 2, v. 13. The third River is the Tigris ("Hiddelsel") that is it which goeth towards the east of Assyria, and the fourth River is Euphrates, Genesis chap. 11, v. 14.

‡ The Arabs have a tradition that Adam was separated from his wife 200 years after the "fall," and spent his time in prayer on Mt. Arafat, east of Mecca, in Arabia, until Eve joined him and they went to reside in Ceylon, which seems to agree with a similar tradition in India. See Vol. 2 of Chrichton's "History of Arabia."

CANTO VI.

RECLINING under a Teenah* tree, Ahashuerus
 chanced to see
 A lonely Hebrew Maiden, who seemed with sorrow laden,
 And thus accosting her, he said, "Why does sorrow bow
 thy head,
 "Daughter of Israel?
 "Art thou, too, doomed to wander, and never find a
 home,
 "Or has thy truant lover, gone from thee far to roam?"
 "Ah! Father, thou hast rightly said; we'll never find a
 place,
 "Where we can safely settle down; we are a hated race.
 "In Yemen's land my Father dwelt, and plied his honest
 trade;
 "But I, alas, now wander here, a lonely orphan maid.
 "The Moslems took my Father's life, and drove my
 lover far away,
 "And I was soon to be his wife, but here, ah me, I lonely
 stray;
 "Dear Isaac fought them long and well, but, oh! they
 bound his hands,
 "And he has gone the train to swell, of slaves in Afric's
 sands.
 "Oh, Isaac! Thou hast gone from me, and thy loved form
 no more I'll see!"
 At this she bowed her beauteous head, and many were
 the tears she shed,

* The Hebrew name for "Fig tree," the leaves of which are very large in Aden, and with which material our maternal ancestress Eve worried over her first overskirt.

Then, raising up her lustrous* eyes, she clasps her jeweled hands and cries:

“ Oh, great Jehovah ! can it be, that he will never come to me ?

“ Father, lover, all are gone, and I am left here *all alone !*”

The Jew looked down upon her grief, and sighed he could not give relief.

“ My load is heavier far than yours,” Ahashuerus said ;

“ For years I’ve wandered ’round the world, I wish that
I were dead !

“ I’ve come here now, in hopes to find, one spot the Christians have not found ;

“ One spot that never yet has seen, the hated cross of the Nazarene.”

“ Ah, Father, you seem not to know, that Christian ships sail to and fro,

“ Across the Indian sea.

“ And far off China, too, they’ve found ; I think they’ve gone the world around,

“ Ah, woe is me ! ”

She paused. For her quick ear had caught the sound of horses feet,

A cloud of dust ! Her lover comes upon a steed so fleet, They scarce can see him touch the ground, but hills far echo back the sound.

* “Beauty of Jewesses,” from the “Daily Morning Call,” a newspaper published in San Francisco, Cal.: “It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following: ‘Jewesses,’ he said, ‘have escaped the curse which alighted upon their husbands, fathers and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble, who insulted the Son of God, scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and subjected Him to infamy and the agony of the Cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed Him under affliction. The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of Jewesses.’” A portion of the above extract from Chateaubriand is omitted for want of space for marginal note, &c.

His Turkish master he has slain, and found his own loved
girl again !

"Oh, Isaac ! You've come back to me ! Rebecca now
will happy be !"

She said, and sank upon his breast, like dove that found
its own loved nest.

Ahashuerns turned to leave that pair, as happy as Adam
and Eve,

They thought not then of the poor old Jew, who started
again the wide world through.

Away to the East, through Aden's sands, where Shedd-
dad's * palace invisible stands,

Made to look like Eden's bowers, with birds of gold, and
gilded towers,

And spices yielding rich perfumes, and trees all covered
with golden blooms.

(But since he built long years have been, and nought but
a desert now is seen)

Now "on" to the North the old Jew flies, where the mi-
narets of Mecca rise,

And the multitude of pilgrims swell, the crowd around
the Zem-Zem well;

They come from every quarter, they come from every
way,

To keep the Feast of Beiram, in the lovely month of May.
From India's strand, from Persia's land, from Afric's
sunny shores,

With camel loads of riches rare, the host tumultuous
pours.

To the Holy Land of Islam, Mahomet's followers come,
And bow with pious awe before Kaaba's † sacred dome.

* Sheddad. The Son of Ad, king of a giant race, descended in the fourth generation from Shem. He built a splendid palace and gardens to imitate the "Garden of Eden," but on account of his impiety, he was destroyed with his followers, when within a day's journey; but the Arabs say it still stands, 'though invisible.

† The great Temple at Mecca.

They drink the milky water, that flows from Hagar's*
 spring,
 While loud, the sacred walls around, with Allah's praises
 ring;
 Then men and camels march away, to sacred Arafat to
 pray;
 Ahashuerus follows "on" unnoticed mid the mighty
 throng,
 A sad and lone unhappy man, in that great merry
 caravan.

He is seated on the mountain's side, watching the
 waves of Ihram † sweep
 Through the long defile, where pilgrims ride, their "Day
 of Sacrifice" to keep.
 And Oh, how he does long to go, where Carmel's sides
 with verdure grow,
 And where the Sharon roses bloom, and shed abroad
 their sweet perfume,
 To smell the breezes once again, that blow across the
 Syrian plain!
 Towards old Sinai's distant peak, he turns his weary eye,
 'Tis useless! Rest he ne'er can seek, but still must on-
 ward fly!
 The Lord said ‡ unto Moses, the servant he loved best,
 "My presenceshall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."
 But to the "Wandering Jew," he said, "Until 'I do re-
 turn,
 "Thou too must 'go' and to and fro, where the sandy
 deserts burn,
 "Across the seas, through the mountains' breeze, to all
 lands, thou shalt turn!"

* * * * * *

He turned away from Arafat, toward the Oman Sea,
 Outstripped the Ostrich in his stride over desert Araby;

* The Zem-Zem well, said to be the spring where Hagar found
 water for Ishmael.

† White robes, worn by the pilgrims on the "Day of Sacrifice.

‡ Exodus xxxiii. chap., 14th verse.

Whose songs they sung, then hung their harps upon the
willow tree.
He thinks of great Beltshazzar's feast, within the "Kasr"
grand,
Where they drank from the sacred Temple cups, and
trembled, as a hand,
In mystery, wrote the awful words of warning, none
could read,
Till Daniel bade them to beware, of the Persian and the
Mede.
Now the fiery dragon waves his tail, and the horrid
Satyrs dance,
Where stood those palaces, gone like snow, before Jeho-
vah's glance.
The wondrous Lake, the noble quays, "the gardens in
the air;"
Oh! Where are all their splendors now? The echoes
answer, "Where?"
And now he stands on Babel's height, where Nimrod
called his host,
To build a temple high as Heaven. How vain the impious
boast!
The Lord confused their many tongues, and scattered far
and wide,
In many lands, by many seas, He did their hosts divide.
The majestic Lion paces now, with loud and angry roar,
Before that ruined Tower, where sat, long years before,
The golden statue of Jupiter, upon its throne of gold,
Where once the wise astrologers watched the constel-
lations rolled,
Across the Chaldean firmament, as they looked out on
the sky,
From the top of that towering monument, built up so
wondrous high.
Now "*on*" Ahashuerus comes, hoping they will devour
Him, but those lordly, fiery beasts, before him strangely
cower!

And shrinking back within their lair, they utter a whine
so low,

As if they lay in terror there, beseeching him to "*go*."
He flies away from Babylon, and Bagdad's famous plain,
Northwest towards the Euxine Sea, he swiftly "*goes*"
again.

His countrymen, on every side, are filled with war's
alarms,

For Christians(?) other Christians(?) meet, amid the clash
of arms.

And all unite to persecute poor Israel's wandering race,
Who for their great Messiah look, in every land and
place.

He makes his way across the lands, longing to be alone,
At length with a look of awe he stands, up, up on the
topmost stone,

Of the lofty height of the Jungfrau bald, where the
grand glacier of Grindenwald,*

Has gathered its boulders, ice and snow, on its way to
the storm-swept vale below.

He gazes down towards that sea, where sooner or later
that mass will be;

For like him, 'though wasted and worn by time, 'tis ever
renewed by a Power Sublime,

And though often stopped in its onward course, is still
impelled by an unseen force,

And groaning "*goes on*" to the boundless sea, the awful
type of Eternity!

* * * * *

The rainbows glitter with a thousand dyes, far, far
below, and on he flies:

O'er the Alpine fields, where the "*Algae*"† grows.

All things seem sunk in deep repose,

* See the beautiful description of the "*Jungfrau*," by Prof. Agassiz, in his "*Geological Sketches*."

† A plant of the Arctic regions, which grows in such abundance, that it colors the fields of snow like blood.

No sound of man, or beast, or bird, through all that
frozen scene is heard.
He fain would stay and cool his brow, on the lonely
mountain's side,
But again, he's called upon to "go," away through the
world, so wide.

CANTO VII.

HE left "Helvetia's flowery fields," and crossed the
lands again,
Where dark the ages slow had rolled, since the days of
Charlemagne.
But merging now into the light of Christian love and
chivalry,
And making up the pages bright, our blessed Religion's
History.
In Hamburg's gloomy street he stood,* where the wind-
ing Elbe flowed,
And sadly thought, how many years he'd borne his heavy
load.
"Oh! If I'd only lifted the Saviour's cross, when he
asked me to let him stand,
"A moment by my garden wall, away in my native land;
"I would not now be wandering, o'er the wide world's
dreary waste,"
Hark! Again those dreadful words, "Be gone, *go on*,"
and "haste!"
With trembling speed away he flies, where the Arctic
snow forever lies,

* Ahashuerus, the "shoemaker," was said to have been seen in Hamburg, in the 16th century, by Dr. Paul van Schleswig.

And dreading he should the "phantom" meet, again he
 hears those little feet,*
 That, mincing, danced so long ago, now doomed to wander
 to and fro!
 Of all the scenes through which he'd passed, none caused
 his heart to bound so fast,
 As that poor phantom girl to meet, and hear again those
 pattering feet!
 With one mad bound he leaves the shore, of the old
 world for the new once more,
 And, breathless, finds a frozen bed beside an Indian long
 since dead,
 Who oft, in honor of great "Jugjak," † had danced with
 his dusky bride,
 With amber ‡ hung from lips and nose, the Koniaga's
 pride;
 But many a winter storm had blown, since they, mourning,
 carried him forth,
 And laid him to rest in his seal skin shroud, with his
 head to the frozen North.
 The old Jew envied his peaceful rest, but no, he had to
 "go."
 And, still reluctant, trudged along to the land of the Es-
 quimaux,
 Where the long, long winter-night had come, and the Orb
 of Day had gone,
 Far to the South with blessed beams, other lands to shine
 upon.
 The busy din of man is stopped, and all is still and dark;
 The hum of the wilderness is hushed, the Great Sea Lions
 bark,
 And the Polar Owl and the Polar Bear, are only left to
 see,

* The Daughter of Herodias.

† The spirit of the Sea. See p. 85 of c. 2. vol. 1 of Hubert Home Bancroft's great work on "The native races of the Pacific States."

‡ Amber was an article of commerce with the Koniagas; it was thrown up in great quantities by earthquakes from the ocean. See p. 72, Ibid.

Great Nature's fire-works * in the air, where the daylight
used to be.

There in his crystal palace, † with plenty of blubber and oil,
The Esquimau dozes his time away, 'till the Sun brings
back his toil.

Ahashuerus roams along by the frozen Arctic shore,
And down through the wilds of the "Great Lone Land,"
through the Rocky chain once more,
On Mount Diablo's sunny top, he sat him down to rest,
And, glancing down the sloping vales, towards the glorious
West,

The silent Bay lay stretched away, in virgin quietude,
With only the swing of the sea gull's wing, leading her
screaming brood;

He thought, at last he had found a place, where the cross
would trouble him not,

For all around were a savage race, and he might be forgot.

Poor old man! You are wrong again, for, look! and you
will find,

The wide spread sail in the "Golden Gate" of the good
ship "Golden Hind." ‡

That ship will sail around the world, and 'tis only the
Pioneer,

Of the ones that will line that noble Bay, now looking so
lone and drear;

And you know not, that the cross will come, and bells on
the evening air,

Call many a Red man from his home, to *count* his evening
prayer.

Down by that broad Pacific wave, you can almost hear
the roar

Of the breakers dashing on the rocks, that line that
Western shore.

* The Aurora Borealis.

† Their winter houses are built of slabs of snow with ice windows.
See the same splendid work of Bancroft.

‡ The ship in which Sir Francis Drake spent the winter of 1579-80,
in the Harbor of San Francisco.

Red men will dig the sandy soil, the Fathers plant the vine,
To spread one day o'er the land away, and yield the ruby
wine.

You then will see the apple bloom, and orange with its
rich perfume;

The Churches rise on every hand, and God with plenty
bless the land.

(How many years you still must rove, no one but He can say,
But when the "Star" gets 'round the world, then comes
the Judgment Day.

The "Brilliant Star of Bethlehem," as that of "Empire"
takes its way,

Still to the West and ever West, and you can only *pray*:
"Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, when beneath Mes-
siah's sway,

Every nation, every clime, shall the Gospel call obey!")

"On" to the East he turns his step, listening to the roar,
Of Yosemite, finding its winding way to the broad Paci-
fic shore.

The Red men lurk in every crag, and dart behind each tree,
But Ahashuerus knows not fear, wherever he may be.

In a lonely wood of dark old pines,* they are building
the funeral pyre,

And decking their chief in his gaudy plumes, for the
last sad funeral fire,†

Those pines that sounded many a chant, o'er the simple
savage men,

Who had roamed by the thousands, 'neath their boughs,
And were resting 'neath them then.

('Tis said, they had no word for God,‡ I think it cannot be,
In roaming through God's temples grand, who knows but
they could see,

The great "good Spirit" looking down, through every
cloud-topped tree?)

* On King's River, Fresno County, California.

† The Indians of the Bay of San Francisco burned their dead. See Bancroft's "Native Races," p. 306, note 140.

‡ Father Junipero Serra says they had no word signifying God.

His brow is fanned by the Western breeze, that is
 sighing through those grand old trees;
 But he must "*go on*," he cannot rest, and he travels again
 to the farthest West,
 Where the Indians skim the billows through, on their
 bunch of tule or light canoe;
 Their maidens braid the baskets well, and busy string
 the mussel shell.*
 (Bright were the days, when they used to dance to the
 sound of the turtle shell,
 With pebbles cast on the sandy beach, by the Sandy
 Ocean's swell;
 When they carried the bride to her lover's home, and
 scattered bright berries around,
 With flowers and seeds, they gathered for her, from the
 plentiful fruitful ground.
 But those days are gone, and slow and sad, they gather
 their acorns to-day,
 "Though grasshoppers swarm on every plain, they must
 wander far away,
 And starve in sight of their ancient home, where they
 roamed in peace ere the white man come.)

Through Arizona's desert sands, where roamed the
 wild Apache bands,
 And the Cacti stand on the lonely waste, again he "*goes*"
 in trembling haste.
 Glad for a little while to rest, on Orizaba's snow clad crest,
 Such rest, alas! he only knows, as the smumbering fires
 beneath her snows.

Through old Flascala's narrow streets to fair Cholula's†
 towers,

* Strings of white mussel shells were used for currency, valued according to the length, by the Indians of Southern California. See note 164, page 409, of "Bancroft's Native Races."

† Cortes counted 400 towers in Cholula. Vol. 2 p. 9 of Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."

And built their Temples, grand and high, to read to us
their story by.
 Till that sad day, *Malinche* come¹ to Montezuma's royal
 home,
 From Eastern land, as was foretold, by all the oracles
 of old;
 In vain did Gautemozin brave, lead on his countrymen,
 They only sank beneath the wave, that covered Tenoch-
 titlan then;
 While some poor wretches lived to see, their chieftain
 swing from Ceiba² tree.
 (They say, *Malinche's*³ shadow roams along the Royal
 Hill,⁴
 And watches o'er the "mountain throne," as if she saw
 it still.
 No more the green chinampa's floats, along the inland
 seas,
 No more does Montezuma roam, beneath his cypress
 trees!
 The long gray moss so mournful waves above those
 gardens fair,
 While they are slumbering in their graves, around him
 everywhere.)

But now he starts once more to fly, and leaves behind
 him Mexitli.
 With a mournful sigh and look of pain, he bounds away
 across the plain,
 And down beyond the sultry lands, till in the Andes'
 heart he stands,
 On Chimborazo's glittering top, bright diadem of snow,
 He halts again in revery, to think where next to "go."

¹ Nov. 8th, 1519. See *Ibid*.

² See *Ibid*, p. 286, Book 7, vol. 3.

³ *Malinche* was the Aztec name of Doña Marina; Cortes was so called because they were seen always together during the conquest, she acting as his interpreter. See vol. 3, p. 293, Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."

⁴ Chapultepec. ⁵ Island gardens, called "Chinampas."

A splendid scene before him lies, hills crown the hills,
and mountains rise,
From that fair valley down below, up to the monarch
crowned with snow.

Where the mighty river, Amazon, is only a little rill,
Winding like a silver thread, adown the rocky hill,
Past garden, orchard, hamlet, town, and down the grand
plateau,

Those waters, growing wider still, on to the ocean go.¹
Before him lies a granite steep, with torrents rushing by,
Down, down so many fathoms deep Oh! How he fain
would lie,

Forever in that chasm dark, away from mortal view,
And never hear again——but, Hark! Those dread words
ringing through

The mountain's rocky side, and on he goes again, ne'er
looking back,

And follows, trembling, close upon the mountain
shepherd's narrow track.

The gentle Llamas turn their eyes, with wondering look
as on he flies;

Away to Cuzco swift he goes, where the Incas sit in
silent rows,

Within the Temple of the Sun, their battles fought, their
labors done.

No more those lordly Incas ride to the "Feast of Rami,"²
in their pride,

No more the simple Indians see, the joyous days of
Upanqui;³

Who, with golden plow upturned the soil, and smiled
upon their willing toil,

As they lightly swung the Ozier bridge across the
Abancay,⁴

¹ See the beautiful description of the Cordilleras of the Andes in Prescott's "Conquest of Peru." Vol. 1, pages 6 and 7.

² A national solemnity, held at the period of the Summer solstice. See vol. 1, p. 103, Prescott's "Conquest of Peru."

³ Upanqui, one of the most renowned of the Peruvian Sovereigns. Ibid, vol. 1, p. 116.

⁴ Abancay, a River of Peru.

Or set the perfumed trees to shade the Royal Inca's way,
As he went up, his battles done, to lead the worship of
the Sun.

On Coricancha's¹ ruined walls, where still the blessed
sunlight falls,

As bright as in those happy days, when gold reflected
back its rays,

He starts to see, the *cross* is *there*! *Where* is it not, he
trembling cries,

The Echoes quickly answer, *where*? And on again he
quickly flies.

Along the Andes' rocky side, where the haughty con-
querors used to ride,

And the Indians trudged through heat and cold, to pile
poor Atahualpa's² gold,

He flew along as the shades of night were settling down
in gloom, upon

The banks of the mighty Amazon,³ whose waves like
thunder rolled along,

Breaking the silent solitude. The Condor bird had sailed
away,

To his nest on the mountain crag; the Anaconda lay
concealed beneath the cinnamon tree,

And the rapid river rolled along toward the Eastern Sea.
He cooled his thirst in the limpid stream, and gathered

the berries sweet,
Listening to the Cataract's roar, where the mighty

waters⁴ meet.
But hark! A sound is borne upon the breeze, that rustles
through those lofty trees,

¹ Coricancha, the most renowned of the Peruvian Temples in Cuzco. See *Ibid*, vol. 1, p. 95.

² A room, 17 feet broad and 22 feet long, was piled, by Athahualpa's subjects as his ransom, 9 feet high, with plates and utensils of gold, but all in vain. See Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," p. 483, vol. 2.

³ Voyage down the Amazon, A. D. 1581.

⁴ The Napo and the Amazon.

And looking down the roaring stream, that shines like
silver in the beam,
Of the full moon, gleaming through the vine, that o'er
the towering palm doth twine,
He sees a wild and haggard man, pursued by furies!
Their long hair streaming in the wind! On they come
with wild yells,
Waking the silent shades! The slimy alligator starts
from his slumbers,
'Neath the dark green glades, and, wondering, slips into
the stream.
Ahashuerus rises up, and his tall form like some weird
apparition,
Seems to stay the speed of those wild Amazons.
They start, they stop, they whisper low, behold, they
turn around to go,
Rush madly down the marshy bank, and dash into the
river;
Each swims along and holds aloft her ponderous bow
and quiver.
At length they reach their leafy isle, and mermaid like
they rise,
And soon are hid in deepest shade, away from mortal
eyes.
Then spoke that famished creature wild, as earnest as a
little child:
"Ah, Father! God has sent you here, where I have
wandered many a year,
To lead me from this dismal place!"
"What brought you here?" the old man said, "You
look like envoy from the dead."
"I came with Orellana, near forty years ago, who left
me here to die, by want and hunger, slow,
"But an Indian maiden fed me, and here I am to-day,
and oh, what I have suffered since my
comrades went away.
"My poor old head has long been white, through want
and hunger, pain and fright.

"What became of brave Pizarro, we left so far behind,
the remembrance of my comrades is
fading from my mind.

"Oh! Could I but leave this dismal shore, and see my
own Castile once more!"

"Your brave Pizarro's long since dead," with bitter
sneer the old Jew said;

"And Atahualpa is avenged! Those bloody men who
carried the sword,

"And *hated cross* to Cuzco's walls, now headless sleep in
bloody graves!!

"But, ah! I know that hundreds more will come, and
silently and surely

"The Pagan races will melt away like snow before the
Rising Sun!

"And the steady march of the mystic cross, is only just
begun."

"But I must up and '*on*' again, and bear my heavy
load of pain."

The old Jew spied a swift canoe, and, entering it, they
darted through

The waters of that rushing stream, lit by the beauteous,
silvery beam,

Of the moon then riding overhead, and down upon the
rocky bed,

It shone as bright as in the sky, with many a bright star
twinkling by.

Their light canoe was carried fast, the rocks and isles,
and banks flew past,

With lightning speed! The grand old river broader grew,
and wider was the noble view,

While bounding "*on*" from bank to shore, the days and
- nights dragged slowly on,

As they drew near the open sea, whose roar they'd
heard long, miles away,

And on its bosom longed to be!

CANTO VIII.

THE old man sat with head bowed down, thinking
all his wanderings o'er,
And where he next would turn his steps, away from wide
Atlantic's shore.

"You're sad, old man," the Spaniard said. "Oh, yes, I
am, would I were dead!

"'Tis years, long years, since last I crossed this bounding
sea alone!

"And now again, with sinking heart, I hear its billows
moan!

"I'll go far North, where the Red men roam, for there,
at least, I will not see

"The *hated cross* on every side; Spaniard, why do you
stare at me?"

The skiff had neared the sandy shore, and the Spaniard
turned to look once more,

At the old man's glittering eyes; then threw his hands
into the air,

And sprang into the River, where he sank, no more to
rise.

The skiff sped "*on*," as if possessed, across the broad
Atlantic's breast,

Until it reached the Spanish shore, where he had landed
years before;

He feels the breezes once again, blow over Andalusia's
plain;

But his old friends are long since dead, and war has reared
its hydra head;

The ships that proudly* sailed away, across the stormy
Biscay Bay,

* The invincible Armada of 130 ships, 8000 sailors and 20,000 troops;
very few of them ever returned to Spain.

By wind and storm were backward driven, as if it were
 the will of Heaven,
 That all should worship God in peace, and wars and per-
 secutions cease.
 The Moors are sadly leaving home, afar in Africa to
 roam,*
 And no one heeds the poor old Jew, trudging along the
 country through.

In a lonely cave of Aurignac,† where lie the human
 bones,
 Hidden for centuries, long back, with nought but silent
 stones,
 To whisper how they came in there, the Lion and Hyena's
 lair,
 He sat down on the old hearth stone! How sad to be
 always alone,
 No one to tell his troubles to, as he goes "on," the wide
 world through.
 Around him are, on every side, the traces of the Deluge
 tide,
 That piled those bones in that lone cave, and covered up
 their nameless grave.
 When the "fountains of the deep"‡ broke up, and
 "Heaven's windows opened wide,"
 The pitiless cold rain poured down! They had no Ark
 in which to ride!
 While darker grew the angry sky, and colder grew the
 rain,
 And lo! the beasts began to fly to the caves, from o'er
 the plain.
 The darkness o'er the waters sat, from the Pyrenese to
 Ararat,
 And blinded by the lightning's flash, they heard the thun-
 ders roll,

* A. D. 1610.

† See a work on "Primitive Man," by Louis Figuier.

‡ Genesis, chap. vii.

And the seething waters wildly dash, and surge from
 pole to pole.
 While safely rode the noblest bark, that e'er was built:
 Old Noah's Ark,
 And the grandest, too, that e'er will be, for none e'er
 sailed so *wide a sea* !
 That covered beneath its mountain waves, so many, many
 cavern graves!
 They'll tell their story, soon or late. It makes no dif-
 ference. "God can wait!!"

"*Go on*," "*go on*," you cannot stay, still calls the voice,
 and he flies away.

Again in the light of the Nisan moon, he stands on
 "Zion's hill,"
 But the turbaned Moslem yet is there, and guards her
 ruins still.
 He roams around on Syria's plain, glad on her sacred
 soil to be.
 When will her sons go back again? That is the time
 he longs to see.
 He's in his own loved land again, but knows he cannot
 long remain;
 He bathes his head in Jordan's tide, then passes on the
 other side,
 With strength again as young renewed, as when upon
 its banks he stood,
 And bade good bye to his Syrian home, when first he
 started out to roam.
 Like the Owl of the Desert, or the lone Pelican, he sat
 on the banks where the Euphrates ran,
 And to himself again he said: "Oh! would, oh! would
 that I were dead!
 "How many years must I still rove?" And something
 seemed to say:
 "When Bethlehem's star gets 'round the world, then
 comes the Judgment Day.

"The brilliant star of Bethlehem, like that of Empire,
takes its way,
"Still to the West, and ever West, and you can only pray:
"Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, when beneath Mes-
siah's sway,
"Every nation, every clime, shall the gospel call obey.
"When all the pagan idols fall, and glorious Issa rules
o'er all,
"When all the 'Children of the Sun,' bask in the light
of that Blessed One;
"When Iran's worshippers declare: He is the God who
made their Fire,
"When Israel's children look upon Him,* whom they
pierced, as their Messiah,
"When Christian hosts from old Cathay, across fair
Thibet take their way,
"And, following still the brilliant Star, through Cash-
mere on to Kandahar;
"And through the far famed Ispahan, the ancient City
of Iran,
"The fire horse snorting o'er the plain, where used to
wind the camel train,
"Shall bring the crowds, who come to raise the Temple
walls with prayer and praise;†
"To plant the vine and till the soil, and raise the busy
hum of toil,
"Making the salt and sandy plain, a fair and smiling land
again.
"Then, oh! how different will there be, the changes you
are bound to see;
"Then will the camels with their shells, and the dancing
girls with tinkling bells,
"The princes in their palanqueen, with lovely slaves, no
more be seen.
"But the sound of the anvil, rising high, and the busy
tramp of men go by,

* Zechariah, xii. chap., v. 10.

† The Jews. Jeremiah, chap. 23, v. 8.

"Bringing the gold from far away, in the shining Lakes
 of Sing-Su-Hay.
 "Or digging under old Chilminar, for the treasure be-
 neath its pillars hid,*
 "Where the Peri's daughter said they were, with the
 jeweled cup of King Iamshid.
 "The Banyan tree will spread its shade, the nightingale
 still cheer the glade,
 "The gems be brought from Oman's sea, as in the days
 of Arungzebe,
 "The lovers sigh by the Lake of Cashmere, and roses
 still bloom by the "calm Bendoneer,"
 "But, oh, how many years must roll, while you "go on,"
 from Pole to Pole."

CANTO IX.



ON the top of the lonely Ghebre Hill,† whose sacred
 fires seem burning still,
 As the Western Sun's departing rays, lights up its height
 with holy blaze,
 He stands where the "Magi" stood of yore, when the
 "Star" appeared to them,
 The Brilliant Star that went before, and stopped o'er
 Bethlehem;
 Pointing out to them the way to the crib, where the In-
 fant Saviour lay.
 Leaving their costly viands spread, with which they fed
 their Hero dead,
 They with bright censer went far hence, when angels
 sang of that Blest One,

* A. D. 1660.

† One of the mountains near the Indian Sea, on which has been discovered the ruins of an old Temple of the Fire or Sun Worshipers. See note to Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

Taking their myrrh and frankincense, to swing them
 to another Son.
 Their fires are out, and they are gone, and Buddha's
 Temples 'round him fall,¹
 But the brilliant Star is shining on, its beams are spread-
 ing over all.
 The Moslem rules in fair Iran, the Tartan rules in Kho-
 rassan,
 While far beyond the Caspian Sea, the Christian fights
 for Liberty.²
 Some on beyond the ocean stray,³ to worship God in
 their own way.
 The land is swept with evils dire, with plague, with
 famine, and with fire,⁴
 But the Hebrew on the lonely hill, yet hears the dread
 voice, calling still,
 As if it came from out the sky, "*On, on, forever you*
must fly."
 In the sultry heat of the Indian noon, cool rolls the wave
 at Gombaroon;
 But away across the sandy seas, and over the rolling
 Euphrates,
 He leaves behind the "coral strand," and seeks again
 the Western land;
 And on he follows in the van, of Tartar horde and Mus-
 sulman,⁵
 Eager to see the Cross go down, and turrets high the
 Crescent crown.⁶
 Ahashuerus laughs to see, the Crescent where the Cross
 should be;
 The moon slow hid her beauteous face, as if she mourned
 to know,

¹ Many of the Hindoo Temples were destroyed in the 17th century by Arungzebe. See vol. I of "British India," by Hugh Murray and others of the Royal Society.

² Thirty years war.

³ The Puritans left England for America in 1620.

⁴ Plague in London in 1665, and great fire in 1666.

⁵ A. D. 1683.

⁶ The Siege of Vienna, Sept. 12th, 1683.

That the Crescent with its silver horns, was waning down
below.

“Not unto us, but unto thee, the glory. Lord: Oh, let
it be,”

The daring Sobieski cried! In vain the frightened Mos-
lem tried,

To rally back his broken men, and pointing up to Heaven
then,

Said, “Quick, I tell you we must fly, God is against us,
see the sky.”¹

And backward rolled the pagan wave, and onward rolled
the “Star.”

Ahashuerus trudged along to the Western Isle afar.²

By the old castle wall, where the green Ivy vine, is cover-
ing all with its friendly twine,

And the moonbeam is shining, as calm as of yore, when
first he landed on Albion’s shore,

He is leaning in sadness, unheeded alone, not one of his
comrades are left, they are gone.

Gone are the Druids, and Britons, so bold, and good king
Arthur will never return,

Gone are the Romans from every stronghold, their ashes
are resting in tomb and in urn.

No more is heard the minstrel song, of Saxon right and
Northmen wrong.

The tinkling monastery chimes³ are heard no more
around,

But ponderous bells from lofty domes,⁴ peal forth their
solemn sound.

He dashes onward o’er the plain, for he hears the dreaded
voice again!

¹ There was an eclipse of the moon, which frightened the Turks.

² England; according to the records there is scarcely a county in Europe which has not an account of being visited at some time by the Wandering Jew. The last period of his appearance in England was the latter part of the 17th century.

³ The Monasteries were destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII., about 1530—35.

⁴ Many Churches were built in London in the latter part of the 17th century, among them St. Paul’s, by Sir Christopher Wren.

To old Upsala's moss grown walls, that many a change
 had seen,
 Since Japhet's grandson¹ laid the stone, where many
 kings have been.
 Whose giant sons have left those rocks,² piled on the
 Earth, so high,
 To stand the test of ages long, and "tell *their* story by."

Now Odin's race has passed, has passed away, to blest
 Valhalla's realm,³
 Eternal mansions, bright as day, he had prepared for them;
 The ancient Thor⁴ still thunders on, but all their other
 Gods are gone;
 Some rest in Asgard's holy halls, some bound in Nefel-
 heim,⁵
 Until the day of Ragnarok,⁶ the last recording time;
 When dread Loki⁷ again will roam, and stars fly from
 the sky,
 And Heimdal⁸ wind the Gjallar Horn, to rouse to
 battle by.
 When on the new and happy earth, there will be peace
 again,
 And Odin with his heroes all, and beauteous Baldar⁹
 reign.

¹ "Sweeno," the eldest son of Magog, son of Japhet, who is said by the Scandinavians to have founded the Swedish Monarchy about 88 years after the flood.

² The immense blocks or pillars of stone, found in various parts of Scandinavia, were, no doubt, erected by them.

³ Heaven or the palace of Odin, situated at Asgard in Scythia.

⁴ Thor, God of Thunder.

⁵ Nefelheim: Hell.

⁶ Ragnarok, the Judgment Day.

⁷ Loki, the Evil One.

⁸ Heimdal, the Watchman or Sentinel on Asgard. See vol. 1, page 87, of "Chrichton's Scandinavia."

⁹ Baldar, son of Odin, the most graceful, eloquent and amiable of all the Gods, whose palace is in the "Via Lactæ." (It is very evident that the Mythology and Theology of all the known nations was derived from one original source of Divine inspiration, though varied by tradition, according to different climates and circumstances. Each have a Flood from different causes. Each a place of future,

Ahashuerus groaned to see, the Cross was even there,
 "Where is it not?" again he cried, the echoes answered,
 "where?"

"Over the frozen Siberian snow, away by the Northern
 pole,
 "He stands on the edge of the continent, where the
 polar oceans roll."
 He stops his ear with his bony hand, once more he hears
 the sound,
 Of the pattering steps that come again, over the frozen
 ground,
 And oh! that bloody tray is there! His hair electric
 stands!
 At the sight of the gory head she bears, within her
 phantom hands!!
 He's going East, while she goes West, and soon they're
 far apart,
 And he tries with all his might to still, the beating of
 his heart!!!

Over the plains from the far, far West, where the
 Buffalo, wild and free,
 Rushes headlong from the "Spirit of Fire,"* that sweeps
 o'er the grassy sea,†
 He flies along with the antelope, to the friendly Man-
 dan's home,
 Who over the bluffs and "red stone hills," with the elk
 and grizzly roam.
 He hears the banks of the turbid stream,‡ that thundering
 rolls along,

reward and punishment, and all predict the destruction of the
 world. Each have a first man and woman, and all who pretend to
 account for Creation, previous to that time, "get completely
 muddled.")

* The Indians call the Fire, that so often sweeps over the vast
 prairies, "The spirit of Fire," or the "*Fire Spirit*."

† Prairie.

‡ Missouri.

And he's startled again, by an arrow swift, from out of
 a dusky throng,
 Who are dancing 'round a "big canoe," with willow
 boughs, fresh and green,
 Strewn over the ground with savory sage, and the
 "mourning doves" are seen,
 In honor of Nu-Mohk-Muck-a-Nah,* the "man of mys-
 tery," he,
 Who alone was saved, when the waters ran, o'er all the
 earth, a shoreless sea!
 But the arrow whistles harmless by, and the frightened
 Indians rise,
 "It is a mighty medicine man!" each grim old chieftain
 cries.
 They lead the poor old Jew within their lodge, and spread
 a robe,
 While down he sinks, exhausted, from his wanderings
 round the globe.
 With solemn superstitious awe, the red men gather
 'round,
 And tender him the Calumet, from off the "Holy
 ground;"†
 There's something in his form and face, they feel is kin
 to them,
 'Tis said, their lineage can be traced, back to Jerusalem!

* According to Indian tradition, the only man saved from the Flood. See vol. II. of "Catlin's North American Indians."

† "Holy ground," a quantity of beautiful 'red stone;' said by Geo. Catlin to be unlike anything ever found on the continent; called "Steatite," situated on the "Coteaux des Prairies," a ridge running North and South, near the St. Peter's river, which empties into the Mississippi, below the falls of St. Anthony. The quarry is on the Western border of what is now called Minnesota. The Indians have a tradition that the "Great Spirit" called all the tribes together at the "Red Pipe Stone," many centuries ago, and making them a pipe, smoked it over them all and commanded them to always bury the tomahawk and be at peace when they came there to gather the red stone for their pipes. Mr. Catlin says, the same tradition is held by all the tribes he visited. The Dacotahs and Sioux drove away and destroyed the remnant of friendly Indians, and took possession of the quarry.

They're some of Israel's wandering race, who crossed
the Land of Shem.
And those poor simple red men, who roam the forests
through,
Alas! there is no rest for them, they're like the Wan-
dering Jew;
They're driven on, still further on, towards the setting
sun,
The pale face takes their land away, their race will soon
be run.
Ahashuerus stops not long, he's driven on again, far o'er
the Alleghany ridge to the great Atlantic main,
Algonquins roam the forest dim, the swarthy Savage
stares at him;
And led along by the Fire fly lamp, around by the "Lake
of the Dismal swamp,"
He nears again the ocean's shore, he hears again the
ocean's roar;
And then the old tones greet his ear, that tell the *cross*,
the "*cross* is here."
For there comes once more the solemn sound, of church
bells in the air around.
Behold the ship that proudly lifts, its sails against the
sky,
Has brought the Christians to these shores, "Oh, whither
can I fly?
"No more lands in which to roam, nowhere can Israel
find a home.
"Oh! would that I could die!!"

A pedler passes with his pack, of tinsel wares upon
his back,
And turns to look, as going by, he hears him thus so
mournful cry,
And quick extends a friendly hand:
"Cheer up, poor Hebrew, in this land we have a chance
to rest,

“For to this country, broad and free, the hatred has not
crossed the Sea,*

“So ease thy troubled breast!”

“I tell thee, I can never rest,” Ahashuerus said,

“There’s trouble *ever* in my breast, I wish that I were
dead!

“For more than seventeen hundred years, I’ve roamed
this wide earth through,

“And there is nought my spirit cheers, I am the *Wander-
ing Jew!*”

The pedler starts with frightened look, along the dusty
road,

But different ways they each one took; they bore a dif-
ferent load!

Ahashuerus crossed the Sea to Scotland’s rugged shore,
In time to see the battle on Culloden’s heathy moor,†
And long there dwelt upon his sight, that battle’s deadly
fray,

While ’round and ’round the continent, he wound his
weary way.

Through blood stained France, and on the Nile, ‡

Whichever way he turned,

The horrid cry of war was heard;

His heart “within him burned,”

To hail again his native land, where he might once more
pray,

By the lone graves of his fathers, in the lovely month of
May.

So round by the Red Sea waters, and over the Desert
sand,

* The Jew pedler was ever welcome in the early colonial days of America, bringing the cheap gay ribbons and bright tinwares for the country maidens and matrons, and the hatred towards his race has changed gradually from hate to ridicule, then to pity, and is now, in the 19th century, fast merging into respect for his industry, perseverance and prosperity.

† April A. D. 1745.

‡ Napoleon Bonaparte’s campaign in Egypt. A. D. 1793.

His feet are pressing once again, the soil of his native
land.

But the Moslem's heel is on her still; within old Joppa's
wall,

The Moslem and the Jew alike, in vain for mercy call *
("A black, eternal blot upon the memory of Napoleon!")
And up on Tabor's sacred height, the Turk and Christian
meet to fight,

Where once the peaceful Saviour stood, the *lowly man*,
the Triune God!

"Though countless as the sands of Sea, or as the stars
of Heaven,"

That turbaned host o'er Jordan's tide, in fury soon were
driven.

Ahashuerus draws his robe, all soiled and dusty 'round,
His weary limbs, and sinks to rest, upon the Holy ground, †
Where long ago the Saviour prayed beneath the Olive
trees,

For still they swayed their trembling limbs, upon the
evening breeze.

The moon is shining calmly down, as in the days of yore,
The days when he was innocent, eighteen hundred years
before.

A young man thus accosted him, "Say, old man, can
you tell,

"Of all the lands you've heard of, is there one where we
can dwell,

"In safety with our children, or is it still our fate,

"To fly from land to land, pursued, with all the Christian's
hate?"

"Young man, I've traveled far and wide, upon the shore,
upon the tide,

"And everywhere our race is driven, in anger by the
will of Heaven.

* On the 6th of March, 1799, Napoleon caused 4,000 of the garrison
of Joppa, who had capitulated, to be mercilessly put to death.

† In Jerusalem.

"But there's *one* land across the sea,* where men of
every race are free,
 "To serve God as they think it best, and there, at last,
 we may find rest.
 "But no one knows, what will become of our poor
 brethren over there,
 "Perhaps they'll drive them on again, as Christians have
 done everywhere.
 "I'm going back upon my rounds, to fair Columbia's
 shore,
 "I can tell my friends here where to go, in a hundred
 years or more;
 "It takes about that time to know, what a people, free,
 will do;
 "But then, young man, this knowledge will be of little
 use to you,
 "For long before that time comes 'round, no doubt, you
 will be underground,
 "Resting from all your labors done, while I '*go on,*'
 my race to run."
 The young man stared in wild dismay, then quickly
 started on his way,
 For he had often heard it said, *Ahashuerus* was not dead,
 But that as weary ages fly, he still was heard of "pass-
 ing by."

Thus shunned of men, he starts again, and sorrowful
 leaves his home,
 For he knows his fears and dreads the years, so long he
 has to roam.

The cannons boom at Austerlitz, and Hohenlinden's
 snow,
 Is *white* again with winter's storms, when he again must
 "*go,*"
 To other scenes and other men, far from his native land
 again.

* America.

The fires of war are burning yet,* and Bonaparte, with
 deep regret,
 Goes step by step before the foe, and down beneath the
 Northern snow,
 Buries the Old Guard, one by one, their marches o'er,
 their battles done.
 With the ravens screaming over head, and wolves no
 longer kept at bay,
 They leave the dying and the dead, while Kremlin's
 flames light up the way.

Next on the field of Waterloo,† the rays of the setting
 sun,
 Are glittering on the Bayonets of the host, that proudly
 won,
 Peace for the world!!!
 O, great was brave Napoleon! But greater yet was
 Wellington!
 And greater still, Columbia's son, our own immortal
 Washington!!
 One fought to make his people great, and one to gain
 the Victory!
 And *one* to *free* them from the fate of slaves, and give
 them Liberty!!!

CANTO X.

“**I**’LL ‘go’ to the Isles of the Sea,” he said, “and there
 I may rest my soul,
 “On the lonely reef the coral builds, where the waves
 of ocean roll.”
 So away across the continent, and o’er the stormy sea,
 On Otaheite’s gentle shore, in the shade of the plantain
 tree,

* A. D. 1812.

† A. D. 1815.

He stops, while balmy breezes blow, forgetting that he
 has to "go,"
 The grassy plains and rivulets, and swelling hills be-
 tween,
 Of all the lands the loveliest, he ever yet has seen;
 The simple savage sails around upon the blue Lagoon,
 That quiet sparkles, in the light of the balmy South Sea
 noon.
 Ahashuerus roams along in quiet pensive mood,
 When, hark! there comes a sacred song, from out the
 leafy wood;
 He hears a thousand voices sing, and great Jehovah's
 praises ring,
 Where all, he thought, was wild and free, in that vast
 Southern tropic sea.
 Behold, a Temple,* high and long, within whose walls
 a dusky throng,
 In sacred songs their voices raise, to sound the great Re-
 deemer's praise.
 Where'er he sails that Southern sea, from New Zealand
 to Hawaii,
 The rude "Marais"† are torn away, and Oro‡ holds no
 more the sway.
 A hideous log of senseless wood, no more can do the
 people good!
 The Idols everywhere must fall, and Jesus Christ rule
 over all;
 "Japhet must dwell in the tents of Shem, and my people
 go back to Jerusalem,

* On the 11th of May, 1819, the Royal Mission Chapel was opened
 by Pomare II., King of Otaheite; it was 700 feet long and 60 feet
 wide, with 123 windows, 29 doors and 3 pulpits, and attended by 6,000
 people in their best attire. See Polynesia, &c., by Rev. M. Russell,
 No. 158 of the "Family Library."

† Marais, Polynesian Temples.

‡ Oro, the great national Idol of Polynesia, whose temples
 abounded in the Society Islands, before the introduction of Christi-
 anity by England, in the latter part of the 18th century, at which
 time Lord Byron visited the Sandwich Islands.

"Till then you must wander," there seemed to say,
A voice. Again he started upon his way.

His lone boat rocks upon the tide, he leans in revery
o'er its side,
The scenes through which he long has passed, all rise be-
fore his vision fast.
"I know not what to think," he cried, "for all these
long, long years I've tried,
"To fly from the cross of the Nazarene, but everywhere
I go, 'tis seen.
"The prophet's words have all come true, our people
roam the wide world through."

"But hope now rises in my breast, *when Jesus reigns, I
shall have rest!*
"Perhaps in that new world * that lies across this Western
sea,
"Where, I remember, I was told, the nations all were
free,
"I'll find my people settled down, in Liberty, at last,
"To serve Jehovah as they please, and forget the *bitter
past.*"

His light skiff rode the wild waves high, and isle and
rock-bound shore flew by;
And soon he heard the billows roar, that dashed on Pata-
gonia's shore,
Reminding him of the long gone by, when he saw the
Star cross in the sky.
But *now* it has no fears for him !
He longs to see before his eyes, that sacred emblem in
the skies.
And as the shades of night come on, and stars come
twinkling one by one,
He sinks upon the ground in prayer ! Unearthly stillness
in the air,

* America.

Sinks deep within his weary soul, while gazing on that
Southern pole;
And while he kneels in silence there, he *almost* breathes
to *Christ* a prayer,
That He will haste his kingdom on; he has nought else to
hope upon;
But 'though his heart rebels no more, he knows his trials
are not o'er.
So over the arid terraces, he "*goes*" through the wiry
grass;
Gigantic Indians stare at him, as they in wonder pass.
Again he's on Atlantic's shore, but into its waves he goes
no more,
For to his fate he's now resigned, and he goes "*on*" in
hope to find
The cross in every land, where he, in coming years, may
chance to be

Where the wild horse roams through the pampas grass,
And the hot Sirocco blows,
La Plata winds her silvery stream, with strength renewed
he goes.
Behold! a city's white walls rise, *the cross ' the cross!*
he gladly cries.
For lo! the blessed emblem shines on many tall cathedral
spires,
And, with a lighter heart, he treads along the streets of
Buenos Ayres.
While resting near the river bank, and gazing on the
ocean,
Where the lighters rock upon the tide, with undulating
motion,
A sorry looking pedler stops, and thus accosts the Jew:
"You want some dings, I sell you sheap, I dell you
what is drue;
"Dem is good goods, and strong, you see I dells you not
a lie;

"You never have another chance, so sheap a coat to buy."

The old man slowly raised his eyes, and gazed at the
 abject face,
 For his features looked as if they were, of his own un-
 happy race;
 But, oh! what a change there seemed to be, from the
 look of the Jews he used to see,
 Who, with towering form and eagle eye, that quailed at
 nought but Jehovah's glance,
 In defense of their holy temple, bared their breast to the
 thrust of the Roman lance.
 The years of exile, want and care, with persecution dire,
 Have robbed them of their once proud look, and all of
 their ancient fire.

"Where came you from?" the Jew replied, "to this far
 Western shore?"

"I am a German Jew," he said, "and have been here before;"
 Ahashuerus took his hand and, with a heavy sigh,
 Said "I too am a Hebrew, must we from hither fly?"

"No, no, they let us here alone, not one of them refuse,
 "To trade with us, but still they sneer, and call us cheat-
 ing Jews;

"But we keep on our even way, in hopes the day to see,
 "When we can proudly take a place, among a people free.
 "Some Christians sought to hunt for gold, and some to
 hunt for fame,

"But to be *free* to worship God, a band of Pilgrims came;
 "I left my wife and little ones, where those brave people
 live,*

"For sure the Liberty they have, they will to others give.
 "And when I sell my little stock, I will go back to see,
 "My dear Keturah, in that land, where all alike are *free*.
 "Many of our people, too, are scattered through the
 land."

* New England.

What was it made the pedler stare, and drop the old
 man's hand?
 A look of pain had settled on Ahashuerus' face,
 As he thought of all the troubles, to be suffered by his
 race,
 Before the Lord would give to them, the leave to build
 Jerusalem,
 Or sound their Jubilee again, in triumph on the Syrian
 plain.
 A heavy sigh then heaved his breast, "*When Jesus
 reigns, I shall have rest!*"
 The pedler, staring, heard him say, then quickly went
 upon his way.

Again Ahashuerus stands alone, upon the sparkling
 sands,
 That glittered on the lonely shore, more than two hun-
 dred years before,
 When he sailed down the Amazon, and launched the
 ocean wide upon.
 He welcomes now the shining sails, that bellying turn
 to catch the gales,
 And seem to *tremble*, as if they knew, they scarce could
 take their treasures through,
 The mountain waves, that they must ride, where Para *
 meets the ocean tide.
 With lightened heart he journeys on, around the Southern
 lands,
 And gladly marks the signals of the work of Christian
 hands.

Now up, past poor De Soto's grave, down deep within
 the bed
 Of Mississippi's muddy wave, by unseen forces led,
 The Jew, lone wandered through the wilds, where roam
 the Red men yet,

* Para, a name formerly given to the Amazon river, meaning
 "Father of Waters." It is now the South estuary of the Amazon.

Retiring slow before his foe,¹ with vengeance and regret;
 Ahashuerus scatters wide the dreaded pestilence.²
 (God grant his journeys soon may cease, and keep him
 far from hence.)

Once more he's on the rolling wave, of the deep At-
 lantic Sea,
 For as the month of Nisan comes, at *home* he longs
 to be.
 He lands again on England's shore,³ but things have
 changed since years before,
 His people scattered forth to roam, across the sea to find
 a home.
 Now England's peers aloud proclaim, the honor⁴ of the
 Hebrew name,
 And dare, like ancient Christian knight, to fearlessly
 defend the right;
 And France, too, is ashamed at last, of her injustice in
 the past.
 Oh! Hope is springing once again, for his down trodden
 countrymen.
 With thankful heart he trudges on, half of his weary
 load is gone,
 And the times are passing swift away, when Judah's
 sons afar must stray,
 And toil, and toil, and ever pine, for their dear land of
 Palestine.

Again, with lighter heart, he goes along the streets of
 Rome,
 For dear to him is every place, that brings him nearer
 home.

¹ In 1832, Indian tribes, under their chief Black Hawk, ravaged the Northern part of Illinois, murdered settlers and burned their dwellings.

² The Asiatic Cholera broke out among the troops sent against them under Gen. Scott, and prevailed in other parts of the United States.

³ A. D. 1832.

⁴ See Macauley's Essay on the "Civil Disabilities of the Jews."

On the top of the lonely Aventine, from whence the
hills of Rome are seen,
His eye, in wandering, lights upon the well remembered
Pantheon,
Reminding him of days gone by, when first he started
forth to fly.
Its lofty granite pillars stand, and baffle age and time,
Its dome looms up as proud as when Great Rome was in
her prime.
Away on the seven hills, the sun lights up the ruins wide,
And shines through the grand Coliséum, long, long, old
Roma's pride,
Through the vines on the Forum pillars tall, the evening
breeze is blowing,
Where once the great Triumvirs stood, the Vaccas* now
are lowing;
The marble floors are quiet in Caracalla's † walls,
The wind is sighing through the trees, that grow in the
roofless halls;
But the hills are standing yet, where lived the mighty
moving throng,
And still, as in the centuries gone, the Tiber rolls along.
(Oh! Art is long, but Nature's longer, and Time is ever
showing,
That build and battle as we will, we ever must be going.)
Around the Campus Martius, the Christian towers arise,
And the cross on great St. Peter's Dome, points upward
to the skies.
He welcomes now the solemn sound, that on the still air
swells,
As the peaceful Convent ‡ o'er his head, slow rings her
vesper bells.

Once more along the Appian way, lit by the sun's last
fading ray,

* Cows and sheep were pastured around the ancient Forum, and the place was, until recently, called "Campo Vaccino."

† Baths of Caracalla, South of the Palatine Hill.

‡ Convent on the Aventine Hill, one of the Seven Hills of Rome.

He goes towards the Western sea, where stands the lone-
 some Pompeii,
 Uncovered since long years before, when he last trod
 along that shore;
 'Twas then one wide spread ruined plain, but now he
 walks the streets again.
 (How many weary years have sped, since the Pompeiian
 baker burnt his bread,*
 On that dark, fearful, fatal night, that saw so many take
 their flight,
 Across the fields in frenzy driven, as if they saw the
 wrath of Heaven.)
 The same high wall hangs o'er his head, where the kind
 old Hebrew gave him bread,
 And he sighs to think, how he's been blessed, with
 eighteen hundred years of rest.
 But still with hope he's cheered to see, that, as light
 breaks on Pompeii,
 So it is dawning sure, though slow, for him, but yet he
 still must "*go*."

Now on through old Brundisium, that heard so oft the
 Caesar's drum,
 When marching on to victory, upon the plains of Thes-
 saly,†
 To meet great Pompey and decide, who should rule Rome
 in pomp and pride;
 Ahashuerus crosses o'er in haste to fair Illyria's shore,
 Then down the broad Ionian Sea, where poor love
 stricken Antony,
 Was by the frightened women led, with coward fears and
 drooping head,
 To leave his men in Caesar's hands, and hide himself
 in Egypt's sands.‡

* A loaf of burnt bread was found in an oven in Pompeii as perfect as when the poor baker left his post so suddenly, more than 1800 years ago.

† Julius Caesar fought the battle of Pharsalia with Pompey about 48 B. C.

‡ See Plutarch's "Life of Antony."

Now 'round Achaia's sunny land, to where Hymettus
looms,
Against the sky and scents the air with honey bearing
blooms;
To famed Athenia's crumbling walls, that mournful
guard her ruined halls.
The Stadium's marble seats are gone, Illyssus still is
murmuring on,
And lone Pentellic columns* rise, and point in sadness
to the skies,
Seeming to say to all the world, "from *there* the thun-
derbolts are hurled
"Olympian love is not 'unknown,' but mortal ne'er be-
held his throne."
The long stone steps are leading still, to where Paul
stood on high "Mars'" hill,
From whence his eye swept round upon, Erectheum and
Parthenon.
The old Jew mounts with hasty stride, up, up the rocks
of that hill side,
From whence he views the ruins still, all scattered o'er
Minerva's Hill;†
But the cross, that blessed emblem given, is humbly
pointing up to Heaven,
As if to say, remember all the words once said by good
St. Paul:
"The Lord of Heaven and all the lands, dwells not in
temples made with hands."‡

But the weary Jew must "*go*" again! He launches on
the Aegean main,
And wanders 'round the classic shore, o'erruled by
Heathen Gods no more.
He rounds lone Tasso's silver hills, and Lemnos where
the anvil rang,

* 16 Corinthian columns of Pentellic marble mark the site of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus.

† The Acropolis.

‡ Acts, chap. 16, v. 24.

Of Vulcan, forging ponderous shield for Achilles, as
Homer sang.
The olive yields on Lesbos still, and flowers bloom on
Scio's hill,
As sweet as when blind Homer strayed, among its bowers
and verses made;
And Samos, where they piped and danced in Cleopatra's
day,
Now lonely looks to those who sail around the Lydian
Bay.
On *Patmos*' sacred isle he lands, and wanders o'er its
shore,
And no voice comes from Heaven to him, only the surf's
dull roar;
And though he longs to "know the things that must be
in the days to come,"*
Alas, the rocks and crags, and waves, they all alike are
dumb;
And he must on his weary way, longing for that happy
day,
When Israel's children can go home, and joyous rear
their Temple's dome.
He stopped where the lovely Cydnus flows down into
the Sea,
Where Cleopatra sailed along to meet her Antony;
With purple sails and golden prow, and silver dipping
oars,
And incense floating on the air, along those wondering
shores.

And now, at last, he comes in sight of Carmel's old
familiar height,
And by a strange sad feeling led to see the dwelling
place,
Of Jesus, he so once did dread, when starting on his
race.
He turned his steps to Nazareth, the City on the hill,

* "The things which shall be hereafter." Rev., chap. 1, v. 19.

And saw beside the dusty road, the Virgin's fountain
still,*
Where oft in childhood's sunny day, the little Christ
had gone to play.
Ahashuerus* cooled his brow, beside the ancient well,
How sad the memories were that rose, no one but he
could tell;
He thought of all the sufferings, of Jesus long ago,
And the changes wrought by centuries, while he wandered
to and fro.
Instead of scorning now, the lowly Nazarene,
He longed to see each blessed spot, where he had ever
been.
The thistle blooms on the dusty road, that leads to the
sacred sea,
As it did when the Saviour journeyed, to the blue "deep
Galilee."
The red pome-granate grows there still, the fig and olive
yield,
The fruit that Jesus blessed and ate, while walking
through the field.
The butterfly waves its gauzy wings, around the fennel
stalk,
That is growing rank beside the path, our Saviour used
to walk.
Mount Tabor rears her verdant cone, and Hermon rears
his snow,
And down along the Syrian plain, the Jordan waters flow;
The merry birds are carolling, their Maker's praises loud,
Where long ago our pitying Lord, in mercy healed the
crowd,
That thronged around him, while he trod his weary way
on Earth;
From Bethlehem, where the angels sang about his lowly
birth,

* There was a tradition in 1306 that Jesus, when a little child, broke his pitcher, and carried water to his mother in his little leather apron.

To Calvary, where his life was given, a ransom for
us all;

From all those holy places, the voices seemed to call,
In heavenly accents, calm and sweet, from every hill
side 'round,

Come, "put the shoes from off thy feet," for "this is
Holy ground."

The sunshine soft is gleaming, across the rippling wave,
Where Jesus walked one stormy night, and stretched his
hand to save;

And the sea, obedient to his will, rolled back its angry
crest,

When He commanded, "Peace, be still!" sank tremb-
lingly to rest;

Bethsaida and Chorazin old, have vanished from the
land,

Capernaum, too, has scarce one stone, to tell where it
did stand.

The Cane and Oleander wave, where the water willows
grow,

And the pearly shells are scattered, where the fish swim
to and fro,

As when they went in Peter's net, at Christ's august com-
mand;

And the little boats go sailing yet, across from land to
land.

The Crocus blooms on Tabor's side, the Oaks stand ever-
green,

The sparrow chirps along the ground, and the gold finch
gay is seen.

But the "gentle Jesus" walks no more, along the well
worn way,

That leads to old Jerusalem, as it used to in his day,

The Cactus, wild, now covers o'er full many a ruined
wall,

That stand as mournful landmarks, and on the ages call,
To stop their all destroying power, and save for men to
see,

The remnants of those halcyon days, when Judah's land
 was free.
 Samaria stands upon the hill, where yet the olive trees,
 Tell of the olden time that's gone, when waving in the
 breeze,
 They sheltered Israel's Holy One, so many years ago;
 When he "had not where to lay his head," and "wandered
 to and fro."
 Now Shiloh's ridge and "Bethel's Tower" look mourn-
 fully and still,
 The screech-owls' tones in the moonlit hour, far echo o'er
 the hill.

CANTO XI.

A HASHUERUS nears his home, his heart is beating
 fast,
 'Though he has had to roam and roam, he's come again
 at last,
 For yonder, 'gainst the Southern sky, the minarets arise,
 And the towers of dear Jerusalem, now glad his longing
 eyes.
 He stopped to rest by a low arched door, at the home of
 a maiden fair,
 The noonday sun was glancing bright, across her raven
 hair.
 Low and sweet was the song she sung, for she hummed
 it o'er in the Hebrew tongue,
 'T was of Israel's glory past and gone, and of Israel's
 hope that is coming on.
 And the old Jew stopped with listening ear, that maiden's
 accent, sweet, to hear,
 And the words that came from her joyous heart, seemed
 weaved in verse with a prophet's art.

“Rejoice, oh Israel’s wandering race;* far in the West
we’ve found a place,
“Where plenty reigns, and smiling peace makes all our
wants and woes to cease;
“Our Synagogues are rising there, where we can kneel
in peaceful prayer,
“And thank Jehovah, that his hand has led us to that
golden land.
“God bless the noble race who give, to other men the
right to live,
“Loud let the praise be said and sung, of men who speak
the English tongue,
“By them the desert waste will bloom, all fragrant with
the rose perfume,
“With them will Israel cross the main, and cross old
Jordan’s flood again,
“And find once more their Canaan home: that glorious
time will surely come;
“Oh, great Jehovah, speed the day, and hasten on Mes-
siah’s sway.”

The Hebrew maiden ceased her song, the poor old Jew
looked at her long,
She bade him kindly then draw near, and share with them
their homely cheer;
She saw he was an Israelite, a traveler, soiled and worn,
And, to her tender hearted sight, looked wretched and
forlorn;
But hope was in his weary eye, her song had cheered his
heart,
He longed again to the West to fly, and hastened to
depart;
But first he told her, she was right, events were shaping
fast,
For Israel’s children to return, their woes were nearly
past;
He told her how he’d wandered, ’round the world so
many years,
* Rachael’s song.

Of all the changes he had seen, the smiles, the joys, the
tears;
But the blood-marked place was off his brow, and the
maiden fair could see,
Only an old and weary man, who had come from Galilee.
He bade good bye to the gentle one, and walked the
streets once more,
That now resounded to the tread, of men from every
shore,
The turbaned Moslem and the Jew, with roving Bedouin
bands,
All meet in friendly concourse there, with Christians
from all lands.
Siloah's pool is murmuring soft, and Kidron's brook
goes by,
The lepers hold their hands aloft: alms, alms they sadly
cry;
But Nature smiles, as she was wont, when Jesus walked
the earth,
The "morning stars" are singing still, as when they
marked his birth;
The wild sage grows on every hill, the yellow poppy
blooms,
And rear their heads between the stones, of his fore-
fathers' tombs;
In the garden of Gethsemane, a few old olive trees,
Still sway their trembling limbs, upon the springtime
evening breeze;
And 'round upon the time worn hills, now wet with
vernal showers,
The little plant spreads far and wide, its "everlasting
flowers." *
One thing is strange, within the walls, where oft for
prayer the Moslem calls,
The Christian church bells oft resound, and in the Syna-
gogues around,

* "Paronychia Hispanica."

The Hebrews meet for prayer and praise, as did the
 Jews in other days.
 He walks about the modern streets, not shunning who
 so e'er he meets,
 For now the "blood marked place" is gone, and unob-
 served he trudges "*on*."
 Across sweet Sharon's lovely plain, past many an orange
 tree,
 Through ancient Joppa's broken wall, he comes to the
 "Open Sea,"
 And gladly hails the distant ship, that will bear him
 "*on*" to the West,
 Where he can soon behold again, "the land of Israel's
 rest."*

Atlantic's waves now waft him "*on*," he's left the old
 world, far away,
 And soon he gladly lands upon, the rocky shore, where
 bounds the spray,
 As if in gladness there to meet, the land it traveled far
 to greet.
 Ahashuerus looks around with wonder staring eyes,
 Where once the grand old forest stood, the Christian
 towers arise.
 Great bridges span the mighty streams, and steamers
 plough the river,
 Where from the Indian's bark canoe, the bow strings
 used to quiver;
 The fierce red man is seen no more, but waving fields of
 grain,
 Grow where the Bison roamed of yore, across the
 Western plain.
 At length† he comes to the golden shore, where old
 Pacific's breakers roar:
 Ahashuerus flies along o'er black "Lone Mountain's"
 Hill,

* California.

† A. D. 1851.

For 'though his "blood marked place" is gone, yet he
 must wander still.
 (But he will never enter in that noble City there,* for
 nightly will go up to Heaven an Israelitish prayer,
 That God will bless that people, and keep them safe
 from harm;
 As He guides His "chosen people," by "His everlasting
 arm."
 For they will go together, when the "fulness be
 come in,"†
 Of all the Gentile Nations, where the gospel light has
 been.)
 Together cross wide China land, together o'er the Jordan
 strand,
 And they to build the Temple, will together go to
 Zion's hill.—
 Old Time must roll his centuries on, "Ere every knee
 shall bow,"‡
 Of peoples this wide earth upon, but he must wander
 now.

CANTO XII.

UP eighteen thousand feet, above the level of the
 wave,
 That rolls its chilly waters up, past many an Indian grave,
 On St. Elias' snowy top, he rests him ere he goes,
 With trembling footsteps to the verge of the land of the
 Esquimaux,
 For there, he fears to see again Herodias flying past,

* The Cholera has never prevailed in San Francisco.

† Romans, xi. chap., v. 25.

‡ Epistle to the Phillipians, ii. chap , v. 10.

Bearing her hideous dismal load, on through the icy
blast.

But to his joy he meets no more, that poor girl's phantom
form,

Hurrying along, with lightning speed, amid the winter
storm.

Across the Toondra's lonely waste, Ahashuerus flies,
He hears no more the dread word "haste," but the wolf
dog's dismal cries,

That rush along with maddened speed, across the wide
Steppee,

Lit by the "Borealis beam," from the far off Polar Sea;
While, as he nears a log hut town, a glad sound greets
his ear,

Strong men are singing, "Christ is born!" The *Cross*
is even here!

The red church* steeple looms above the native's simple
homes,

The church bells ring as gladly out, as from more lofty
domes.

From the grand old peak of Kloochefskoi,† to Moscow's
glittering spires,

Where long ago the fierce wolf howled, now glow the
cheerful fires,

And Russia's Czar stands ready, to bear the *Cross* along,
With an army brave and steady, many hundred thousand
strong.

And times are changed in England too, the Jews have
nought to fear,

For one of their great countrymen, is now an English
Peer,†

For lo! In blazing "Ko-i-noor," Great Britain's Empress
Queen,

* See page 291 of George Kennan's "Tent Life in Siberia," also the excellent work of Lieut. R. J. Bush. The Russo-Grecian Church is to be found in every village in Siberia from Behring's straits to St. Petersburg.

† Mountain in Kamtchatka.

‡ D'Israeli, created Lord Beaconsfield, Feb. 10th, 1877.

But another trial waits the Jew, for down on Asia's
plain,
The Moslem persecutes his race, and drives them on
again.
On Macedonia's ancient ground, the cries of Christians
too resound,
For the bloody Moslem draws the sword, where once
the peaceful, blessed word,
Was carried by a martyr band, to all the shores of
Aegean land.
The Sultan sails in the cold spring morn, in his gondola
by the "Golden Horn,"
O'er the waters of Bosphorus deep, the "Koorban Bei-
ram" fast to keep.
But retribution time has come, and the conquering roll
of the Christian drum,
Is sounding now the Crescent's doom, from Bucharest to
Erzeroum.

The fire horse now is snorting on even Afric's sands,
And waking up the echoes in all the savage lands,
Though "Pharaoh's hen"† sits brooding, with drooping
tail and wings,
Like an evil genius, viewing the ruined by gone things;
And the mournful pyramids yet stand, like Anakims of
yore,
Reminding all the Nations of the centuries gone before;
Yet, "short work" will Jehovah make, when "prophetic
times" are passed,‡
And Israel's children undertake their journey home at
last.

* Judah P. Benjamin, Queen's counsel, London.

† See "Hopley under the Egyptian Palms," page 206.

† Epistle to the Romans, 9th chap., 25th v.

“To Canaan’s fair and happy shore,” to wander far from
her no more.

But meantime he must travel, so down through the
China land,
And on to the busy Hongkong shore, where the fishermen
pace the sand,
And stare at the “Fire horse,” neighing loud across the
quiet fields,
Crushing the frightened natives’ bones, beneath its iron
heels.*
While all along the river bank, time worn Pagodas
stand,
Ere long before the tall church spires, to vanish from
the land.†
He marks the changes all around, since those weary days
of yore,
When he wandered o’er that pagan ground, in the cen-
turies gone before.
He goes through Cashmere’s lovely vale, and down the
Ganges stream,
Where the timid maidens used to watch the fading lan-
terns gleam,‡
And thought their friends would safe return, if the little
lamps held out to burn.
But he finds old times have passed away: the fire horse
comes from far Bombay,
Outstrips the ponderous elephant’s stride, from Oman’s
sea to Bengal’s tide.

* The Chinese were so frightened at the first trip of the railroad train, constructed by the English, that one of them threw himself across the track and was crushed to death, evidently regarding the engine as a sort of Juggernaut.

† The authorities of China have recently granted permission for Christianity to be encouraged in China.

‡ The Hindoo girls used to set afloat upon the rivers lamps filled with cocoanut oil, and watch them until out of sight; if they continued to burn, they expected their friends to return in safety. See note to Moore’s *Lalla Rookh*, where he quotes from Grandpré’s voyage in the Indian ocean.

Though still they rear the funeral pile, and hold the rite
 of dread "suttee,"
 And burn the poor fanatics, while the Christians ask:
 can such things be?
 And still the Idol Juggernaut, with diamond eyes, is
 rolled along,
 Across the hills of Balaghaut, and o'er the prostrate
 throng.
 The camel's bells are heard no more, tinkling in the
 summer night,
 Pacing along the sandy shore, with loads of silk and
 muslin bright.
 The old Jew, thinking, toils along to the low flat shore of
 Chittagong;
 Alas! destruction meets his eye, a waste of waters ¹ rol-
 ling high,
 O'er houses, gardens, beast and man, those seething
 waters wildly ran.
 With heavy heart he goes from thence, and leaves behind
 him Pestilence; ²
 And down the Bengal's foaming Bay to Ceylon's lonely
 isle away;
 In the lonely light of a starlight night, he stands far up
 on the topmost height
 Of the mountain trod by the world's first man, after the
 days of Jan ben Jan. ³
 The Veddas' ⁴ roam the mountain's side, the Cyngalese
 sport in the Indian tide,
 And gather the jewels rich and rare, to deck the brides of
 Ceylon fair.

¹ On the 31st of October, 1877, a tidal wave swept away nearly all the inhabitants of the Chittagong district.

² Cholera.

³ A giant prince who ruled the world before Adam, and by whose orders the genii built the wonderful structures of Persepolis, Elephantia, &c. See note to Moore's Lalla Rookh.

⁴ Supposed to be the real aborigines.

But never to rest again he "*goes*" across old Adam's
 "bridge of sighs,"*
 That up from the Manaar wave arose, when he flew on
 from Paradise.
 Along the plain of Hindoostan, past ancient cities of Iran,
 He comes once more to Babylon, as the ray of the slowly
 setting sun
 Is gilding Nimrod's lonely height, with a gorgeous flood
 of golden light.
 Since he was there long years ago, while he's been
 wandering to and fro,
 They've found the time-worn tablets † of the old Assyrian
 kings,
 That tell how they conducted their old "*financial rings*."
 In Troy, Mycenæ, Pompeii, and in the 'ancient Rome,
 They find what he saw long ago, when first he left his
 home.
 But, how tired he is of roaming and of all the changes
 'round;
 The only hope that cheers him, is that his race have found
 A place, where Israel can prepare to take their journey
 home,
 And build their Holy City when that happy time shall
 come.

"Again, in the light of the Nisan moon, he stands on
 Zion's hill,"
 The times are changing very fast, but the Moslem holds
 her still.
 Even now the hammers sounding along the Holy street,
 Tell of Rothschild's wealth abounding, where the Jew and
 Christian meet;
 And happy homes are smiling, 'and fragrant gardens
 bloom,

* A dangerous ridge of sand banks that cross from Ceylon to the main land of Hindoostan.

† The Hillah Tablets, purchased by George Smith for the British Museum.

Throughout the Holy City, around King Davids tomb.*

Again he leaves the old world, and goes across the
wave,

Where the souls of buried nations dance lightly o'er their
grave,†

* **REBUILDING JERUSALEM.** The efforts of Sir Moses Montefiore, encouraged by such eminent men of the Jewish faith as the Rothschilds, are bearing good fruits in Jerusalem. Perhaps the highest ambition in life of the former has been to see his people again gathered within the walls of the Holy City, endeared by so many sacred memories, where they could rear their altars and worship unmolested after the manner of their forefathers. He has for years devoted his best energies to this object, and if his labors have not been crowned to the extent of his desires, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing they have not been in vain. A correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Palestine, says that new blocks of buildings meet the eye everywhere in Jerusalem. Along the Jaffa road, and on both the north and west sides of the city, extensive buildings are in course of erection; and even within the walls, near the reputed tomb of David, another large group of tenements is being built. The same writer continues: These new buildings are designed as houses for Jews of different nations, and are erected by societies, to be let or sold in tenements of two rooms each. The poor are to be provided with homes for a given time rent free, and those who are able are to be permitted to purchase their habitations by periodical payments on a principle similar to those of English building societies. Until a recent date the Jews in Jerusalem had their quarter, as in many continental cities; but they have now the utmost freedom to purchase property wherever they can get it, to build where they can obtain sites, within or outside the city walls, and to locate themselves wherever they can find residences. This freedom is causing a great increase to the Jewish population of the humbler classes." Jerusalem has at this day a population of from 18,000 to 20,000, of which, at the latest enumeration, there were 7,000 Mohamedans, 6,000 Jews, 5,000 Christians, mostly of the Greek and Latin churches, and the balance Armenians, Syrians, Copts and Protestants. Even the Mohamedans classify it as one of their three holy cities. It seems strange, in the light of the past, when the Jew and the Christian were spat upon as "dogs" by the fanatical followers of the Prophet, that there should now be so much religious toleration in Palestine. The secret is found in the straitened financial circumstances of the Turk, who is dependent upon Europe for his loans, in which are found wealthy Jews, who, to a great extent, control the money market, and it is manifestly to his interest not to give offence to these capitalists.

† A superstition, that the phosphorescent light in the Mediterranean Sea is caused by the countless "souls of buried nations" floating on its waves.

And ride the rolling billows, or hide beneath the foam,
 Their phosphorescent pillows, upon their watery home.
 Across the arid desert and o'er the fertile plain,
 Towards the mighty Western Sea, he makes his way
 again;

The shells on Colorado's hills and in her sandy vales,
 Are telling to the wondering world, the oft repeated
 tales,

Of the day in the long forgotten past, when Noah built
 his Ark,

And o'er the world wide waters so safely steered his
 bark;

The ships that went to pieces on Arizona's sands,*
 The cocoanuts † that drifted from far off Southern lands,
 All tell of that great Deluge that "surged from pole to
 pole,"

And slowly then receded to where the waves now roll.

He's on his weary round again, among the busy haunts
 of men,

In every town and village, where now he gladly comes,
 His countrymen are building their peaceful quiet homes,
 And, pointing upwards to the skies, the towers of synag-
 ogues arise;

While, side by side with the Nazarene, the Hebrew Rabbi
 oft is seen,

To walk, with friendly smile and nod, up to the worship
 of their God.

Now, on some drear, lone winter night, when the wan-
 ing moon gives palest light,
 On bleak Lone Mountain's windy crest, he'll stop a little
 while to rest;

And ere he "*goes*" on Calvary hill, when the clouds are
 gone and the winds are still,

That winter moon will bring to view, the form of the
 WEARY, "WANDERING JEW."

* See Joaquin Miller's poem of the "Desert Ship."

† Cocoanuts and other productions of a tropical climate have been
 found in Colorado and Arizona imbedded in the sand.





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